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A BORN NURSE



By

LUCILE YARBROUGH

Robert F. Luce

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PRINTED BY
THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY
MACON, GEORGIA

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OCT 16 1950

DEDICATED

To

My Husband

and

Four Children

With all my Love

"A BORN NURSE"

By LUCILE YARBROUGH

PART I

"Jewel, today I will review the pages that time has written on my life, and at your request."

"Yes, Kassie. Please let us delve right into the story and don't leave out *one* thing."

Kassie (being the short name for Katharine) began her story one sunny day in February, while sitting by the fire-side in her home, with her friend Jewel, the R.N.

"There are five girls and one boy in my family. The girls' names in order as to ages: Matt, Pat, Katharine, Fay and Kay. The only brother was named Ray. There was a twin sister. My twin. Lucy and I were born October 10, 1910, on a little farm in Washington County, Georgia. She died, at the age of five months, with pneumonia. At such an early age to be separated it seems I should not feel such a loneliness for her as I really do."

Kassie continued: "My parents being of strict Christian faith reared their children to read the Bible, and to have prayer in the home each evening. We were an honest and humble family and proud to live in this beautiful State in the South, that does furnish so much material for writers. Should I say: 'Writers' Paradise'? Anyway, it seems that we have some of everything that is needed. Perhaps it is the blue skies, bright sunshine, or maybe it is the beautiful moon that shines down on us, that gets into the writer's blood. Oh, sure, we have wealth, and poverty exists as in any other state. That is the one thing that will stay as long as the earth remains, I suppose. You realize that, being a nurse, of course."

"Yes, I realize only too well the fact, Kassie. When was the first time you thought you wanted to take up the Nursing profession?"

"Jewel, even as a very small child, I believed that nursing was my destiny."

“Well, I believe that people are born with talent for the different callings. In fact, I am interested in your case, because of the many comments that the different patients have made concerning you. For instance, I have patients to tell me, . . . ‘Katharine is a born nurse . . . that your hands seem different . . . soothing, and you know how to calm and quiet the fears of the suffering.’ All these things have prompted me to want to hear your story. Oh! and Kassie, yesterday, while I was dressing four-o-nine’s broken arm, he said: ‘Miss Jewel, see that Miss Gollyhorn doesn’t have to bandage my arm again. Honestly, she uses her hands as if she were plowing a mule on a hillside.’ I wanted to laugh, but he spoke so sincerely, I did not dare. Then he said, he honestly believed you were born to nurse. But here, go on with your story.”

“At the beginning of one of the great conflicts, between the counties, there were large circulars distributed, calling for Red Cross nurses. As I sat on the steps of our country home, admiring the picture of the nurse, the cap, and the uniform, I was fascinated. Even the nurse’s oxfords were not overlooked. How I wanted to start to school, with my sisters, that I could hurry and be like the nurse on the circular I was holding! I had one more year to wait before I could start to school, and I would nurse my dolls, for patients. Oh! they made ideal patients, for we were very poor, and our dollys were rag dolls made from flour sacks stuffed with cotton, from our own fields.

“Dolly was always getting a bursted arm or leg so that gave me something to work on as nursing practice. Then there was a huge chinaberry tree to pass the time for me, swinging in the rope-swing fastened to one of the great boughs of the tree, dreaming of the cap and uniform that I hoped to wear some day.

“Eventually summer passed, and the crisp days of fall were a reminder that before very long Christmas would be here, with candy and fruit that was so appreciated, for we were taught the value of the nickel, in those days.

“Father had bought a small farm of two hundred acres, and the money was carefully managed to care for the

family, and expenses on the farm. The children that were large enough to work, had long hours of work to do. There were stumps and grass to be cleared from the fields, during the fall and winter. Though there was the reward to look forward to, for our faithful struggle through the day, as we piled stumps, grass, and brush in long banks across the fields we had the privilege to set fire to them in the late evening, and the glow of the fire was a thrill and delight to us. Oh! we danced around in wild Indian fashion, yelling and whooping.

“There was the task of splitting rails, to fence in the pasture land, for cattle and hogs. We had many other problems too.

“We had to share our home with a Grandmother, and an Aunt who were nice to us, but we were just average children, and we got into plenty of mischief, such as two or three of us girls climbing on the back of a horse for a horse-back ride to the fields, but I was usually pushed off over the rear end of the horse. Oh, seldom was I hurt but rather angry as I thought it a dirty trick . . . we were always into something to get on Grandmother's nerves.

“I am getting a little ahead of myself, but I suppose as I go along with the story, that is going to happen more or less. I will go back to where I started to school. The morning was here I had so anxiously awaited. Proud as a peacock, with my brand new dress, tablet, and pencil. My two older sisters and I started on the two-mile trip to the schoolhouse, on the sandy hill. We traveled through the fields, of shoulder-high grass, all wet with the morning dew. So you can imagine we did not look exactly like polished apples when we arrived there. Before we got to school that first morning, one of my sisters, that has always had plenty of life about her, decided on having some fun out of my first day of school. So my soul was filled with fear, that the teacher would whip any one for even moving around at the school desk or whispering to the girl that sat next to me. I started crying, for I was always squirming, and talking. My Mother often called me ‘Jessie's little fice,’ referring to my forever bounding around, never quiet for a moment..

Well, the first day of school passed like an eternity, and the envisioned picture of the Red Cross nurse seemed far away. Oh! it took a long time to count to a hundred without making several mistakes, for I was so scared of the teacher I would forget the numbers, and finally I did receive a smarting lick on the leg, with a measuring-rule, and it must have helped, for I got to doing my lessons better.

“In the short years that followed, I completed the seventh grade. That was as far as the Hill school taught in classes. During these years, there was also strict teaching of the church, as well as in the home life.

“Respect for the aged,—charity,—and lending a helping hand to the needy and the sick. That, too, was preached to us. For which I am now thankful for my strict parents, and the pastor of our little church. Every Sunday morning the team of horses was hitched to the wagon, and off to the church, in the grove of trees, we would go.

“Kassie,” Jewel interrupted, “that is the same church we visited last spring, where we saw the old historic oak trees. They actually were so old, that enough soil, and decay of the tree provided enough nourishment, for what seemed to look like cultured beds of ferns growing on the boughs of the trees. What happened to the pictures we made that day? I suppose they were not good, is that it?”

“You know, Jewel, I had forgotten those pictures. Here, let me get the album.”

“Oh yes, Kassie, here are the two great spreading oaks and, I believe you told me, this one afforded the shade for all the picnic tables. Oh! I can just see all those people gathered for a picnic dinner, and the colored servants, under this other oak tree, taking care of the children, and the baskets of food, while the old-fashioned sing takes place. You know, Kassie, I feel a bit envious . . . As you know I was born and reared in quite a large city and, in my younger days, I knew nothing of the freedom of the country life.”

Kassie interrupted: “This picture of the inside of the church came out very good. The old church with the original eight-inch board ceiling, is over one hundred years old. Yes, quite a few years older. And Jewel, here is one of the

baptismal pool. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I do. In fact, I have envisioned it several times since then. I recall the queer feeling that came over me that day as we walked from the church, down the slope, through the grove of trees, and the worn path—worn by people from every walk of life; the young, and old people, the foolish, and very sincere ones. It seemed a place of sanctity. I gazed at the surroundings. The tall erect holly trees, pointing heavenward, and *ages* old . . . Everything so quiet, as we walked slowly down the slope, the only noise breaking the silence was the lonesome call of the whippoorwill to its mate, somewhere in the distant woodland. I can close my eyes, and imagine seeing the congregation gathering there on the slope of woodland, and the singing of the hymns, and then the administering of the sacred rites of baptism. Yes, there in the pool of water, from the clean, clear, cool spring that fed the pool not more than ten or twelve feet away. No room for contamination of the water before its use for the rites.

"Yes, Jewel, I love to ponder over things of the past. Yes, there in the old church before the altar, where people acknowledged their wrongs, and were forgiven, or their names removed from the roll. I remember one character, they never decided if he were saint, or sinner. He was tried in one conference, thrown out, and restored to fellowship in another. Everything from being intoxicated, to profane language, and committing fornication. Really he must have been a problem child. I believe that it was in 1823, that the meetings were held under the brush arbor, before the church was built. This history goes back long before the conflict between the States. Slaves went to services with their masters, here in this church house.

"Kassie, this yellowed, aged-paper folded here . . . Oh! it is part of the first covenant of the church . . . says 1829: 'We being called, as we trust by the grace of God, do in the name of Jesus, voluntary, and jointly separate ourselves from the world, and give ourselves to the Lord. Who has promised to receive such, and be their God. Holding ourselves no longer our own . . . We also,'—well, this has

grown too dim to read. But living up to the covenant was quite strict."

"Yes, it really was," Kassie replied. "But it also made one think before doing or saying evil things. Now here is another aged paper, it says: 'Brother Fifkins was cited into conference, and charged with unchristian conduct. Investigation showed that he stayed home and attended a barbecue, and disregarded the requirements of the church.' . . . And here it says: 'A black brother cited to conference for being intoxicated, and unruly at a horse race.' And listen to this! 'The black woman of Brother Sailings was charged with pilfering, and lying. After investigation proved they were living in adultery, a license was bought to marry them'."

Kassie continued: "Here it says: 'In case of slave members being separated from their partners without their consent, we believe it to be our duty to such slave members to obtain consent from the church before they shall marry again.' Here it says, 'there were sixteen free people, and three slaves, to start this church'."

"Kassie, I am so excited. This is the first time I have had the privilege to hold in my hand such original records, of slave times . . . Oh! here's one where the colors were separated. It says: 'On motion resolved that the colored portion of the church be allowed to hold and manage a conference for themselves. Their proceedings be subject to the approval of the white conference. The word free, struck out and the word white put in place. Separation of color on May 12, 1866. Foot washing made an ordinance passed August 7, 1868.' Now for the last notation. Oh, it is the resignation of—I can't make out the name, but . . . 'The clerkship made . . . (The date is obscure)—'Dear Brother, I tender you the trust placed in me, and beg that you retrieve it and let me drink in retirement. I have declined my office from a consideration known only to myself . . . Which me wants to be exempted from a duty, which I am so wholly inadequate to perform. Dear Brother pray for me'."

"Honestly cold chills are running up and down my spine. Here, Kassie, are two pictures—one of them is the mag-

nolia tree you told me about. A hundred years old or more—And it still blooms?”

“Yes, and there were always a few of the blossoms on the magnolia tree, each spring throughout the year, while I was a child.”

“Jewel, you haven’t seen this place as yet. When Sherman made his march through Georgia he and his men slept here in this house. My Great-grandmother was living in the house at the time, and the women folks were ordered by Sherman to prepare supper, and then the beds were taken over by them for the night. After breakfast was over for the soldiers, the next morning Sherman thanked the family for the food, and shelter; and went on their way of destruction, leaving an old poor horse to die in the front yard. Nevertheless, patience and care restored the poor starved animal to health, so that he was able to help till the soil. Just a short way from this house they burned a bridge . . . and right today some of the posts still stand, in connection with the building of the bridge.”

Kassie continued: “On rainy days, my sisters and I would beg grandmother to tell us about Sherman, and his army. She was a young girl at the time of this war, and there were a host of sisters, and the youngest of the children were boys. She would tell how frightened they were when they saw the soldiers marching along, and the terrible tales, of destruction, and abuse, received by the victims of the soldiers. But they left without molesting the family whatsoever. Some of the men wrote names on the walls of the house, I presume they were their own names. Somewhere in the army was the sixteen-year-old sweetheart of this young girl, and they married after the war was ended. You know this old album is a story within itself. I suppose I should take better care of it . . . Well, getting back to the other part of the story,” Kassie said, as she closed the album with affection and placed it in its place on a table. “Clothing us girls for school were problems, too, for the oldest sister was stout, the second oldest slender, I was slender, and the fourth one stout. So you see, the older ones were the receivers of new clothes and the younger

sister and I caught the hand-me-downs. As I have said before, we were very poor, but my parents did not intend to stay that way, for the simple reason of spending everything on clothes that we did not really need. Oh! to be sure, sis and I thought we were being terribly mistreated. Altho in one instance, I remember there were two dresses we were glad to get. Mine was a blue and white and Fay's was pink and white batiste. Oh! they were all stitched up . . . bolero jackets, and white lace, . . . such elegance. We were glad when they were handed down to us for now we felt very grown up. And in that same year we were considered old enough to *drink iced tea!*

"Oh, Gee, you know Kassie, those were the days, marking progress of growing by privileges afforded.

"Yes, indeed. All the family were served meals, and afterwards, the colored help was given food and, sometimes the precious tea, was afforded for them also.

"And, Jewel! I shall never forget the first airplane that came over our house, like a huge bird, up so high. It caused a commotion, nothing short of the atomic bomb. All us girls getting in each other's way, and running in and out of the house, all trying to talk at the same time, yelling to our Grandmother to run and see the airplane. I suppose it sounded more or less like a bunch of excited geese jabbering. It was the rest hour for Grandmother and naturally lightly sleeping we just about frightened the dear old lady out of her mind. Anyway, we succeeded in our mission."

"Oh dear, I can just imagine a scene, such as that one," Jewel said, as she joined in a hearty laugh with Kassie.

Kassie continued her story: "Summer was coming to a close, and there were fields of corn to be stripped of fodder. At this time of year the sun is truly hot, and the corn leaves very dry and difficult to handle, because of the tendency to cut the flesh. All the family and hired help worked in the fields stripping the leaves from the stalks during the day, and after the dew dampened the fodder in the evening, we went along tying the bundles by the beautiful moonlight . . . Then there was the task of carrying it to storage for feed during the winter for the livestock.

“Colored help was plentiful, up to this time, as the negro family of tenants living on the farm had lost only one or two youths to the service. The time soon came that they were drifting into the service by draft and volunteer . . . leaving their portion of work to fall on us girls. One day I well recollect. The father of this bunch of negro youths came to the house carrying a letter, and looking very depressed. For some reason he was called Sun. It might have been because of the large gold tooth prominently displayed in the front of his mouth, and it seemed he tried to show it by opening his mouth very wide when he laughed. Well, he handed father the letter, and said: ‘Boss man, does dis letta hab sompin to do ’bout me gwine to de wah?’ And after Father examined the contents of the letter, he replied, ‘Yes, and within the next few days, you will be going into the service.’

“ ‘Oh! Lawd, boss man, Ise jes can’t go.’ And his eyes seemed to be growing larger and larger as he thought of the war. Father told him that, from the looks of the letter, he would not have any choice, or else they would come for him. Well, he stood there fidgetly standing on one foot then the other, he said: ‘I sho hab got troubles, Mista Hill, there’s mer wife to leb behind, and lawdy knows, does you all thing I can leb her here close to de white folks, while I is away? Meby I jes won’t nebbber come back no mo.’

“Father assured him that she could continue to live in the same tenant house as had been theirs to live in while on the farm. The negro was shaking his head and saying: ‘Lawdy dat sho do take a load offen mer mind. Knowin’ she gwine to hab somepin’ to eat and a roof overn her haid. Sho do thank you all. I spose I betta get a few things together, that I will be needin’, and be ready to go.’ After taking a few steps toward the yard gate, he stopped and scratched his head again; and came back saying: ‘Mista Hill, sho breaks my heart, thinkin’ of lebin old Shep. He sho been a good old dog. Does you all spose he could jes sort of stay around here? Maybe de chillun would like to keep him.’

“ ‘Oh, sure, just leave him here, he probably will earn his keep,’ my Father said. And Shep certainly proved his worth

many time, as there were always varmits to bother things on a farm.

"Now, all the colored help was gone, except the one woman, and she stayed a lot of the time with her relatives, across the creek from home. And on a farm that kind of help was very essential, as there were the cotton crops to be tended . . . Have you ever tried picking cotton, Jewel?"

"No, we do not grow cotton, in my part of the country."

"You should try picking some, really you have missed something."

"Please excuse me, to answer the knock on the door. It was the postman, with a registered letter to Khase."

"If you are through teasing me about picking cotton, tell me what happened next."

"Well, the oncoming winter brought the dreaded influenza epidemic . . . people dying, some sick and helpless. At home the entire family was abed, ill with it; except Grandmother and me. Well, she agreed to cook for the family, and isolate herself from the rest of us, and I was to pick up the food at the door and distribute it to the ill family. She was scared of the influenza, and I had my first experience of real nursing . . . Castor oil, and orange juice. Castor oil and more orange juice. On around to all of the sick. This went on for days, and weeks. But I was nursing and did not mind at all."

"Cooking was a problem, for there was just so much sugar that could be purchased, in a month's time, as well as flour . . . we mixed half and half flour and meal for making biscuits. And there were many ways we skimmed to get along during those days. During the winter Father bought a sawmill to saw the lumber for a new country home. Oh! it was to be a beauty, we were so proud of our progress, altho the work on the house had to be stopped, as prices went skyrocketing on everything and it was after the war before the house was finished."

"As I said before, we girls were mischievous and many Sundays we played on the sawdust piles, tumbling and jumping in the wood wastage. And we would tease the geese, and they would chase us, blowing like vipers. Most

of the time we would outrun them. One Christmas, I remember a funny little incident. I told you before how my younger sister and I thought we were kinda left out by having to wear hand-me-down clothing, outgrown by the older girls. Well, this particular Christmas, for some reason I don't remember just why, Santa Claus brought the two older girls very beautiful dolls. They were dressed in lovely blue and pink dresses. One boasted pretty black hair, and the other one was blond. When Fay and I got ours, we felt that we were two little girls not wanted.

The two very cheap ones, cloth bodies and china heads, arms, and legs. We cried, and cried some more, and Mother and Father trying to console us by saying that we would get a nice one next time, and to come on in to breakfast. We laid the dolls on the bed, and went to the morning meal, and when we came back to weep over the trick that Santa had pulled on us, they were gone! Of course, a search was started, and while we were dining, Father's old black hound dog had dragged them outside, and had torn the cloth bodies to pieces, and there on the ground lay the poor little china heads, arms, and legs strewn over the yard . . . How our hearts ached again . . . For now we realized we did want them . . . After all they were ours, to care for; we wept some more, and lived in hopes of a doll that would cry, and go to sleep."

"I must say, that must have been quite a Christmas day, Kassie."

"Indeed it was," Kassie replied.

Kassie continued: "Through the spring and summer of that year, we worked like Trojans, seeding fields of cotton, and then the early job of chopping row after row, oh, a fellow felt that this had no end to it, just go on forever. Then the cotton picking . . . Fay and I carried flour sacks to put our cotton in, and we picked the rows together—sometimes we had to back track, when Father saw us leave a cow-lick. A cow-lick, in a cotton field, is where some of the cotton is left in the bowls, we had to pick it clean. Cotton brought a good price, and we were rewarded . . . for on one of the trips to the market, to sell the cotton,

Father bought a brand new buggy. Oh, it cost one hundred and nineteen dollars. Gee! we felt wealthy as we went racing down the road to meet Father in the new buggy . . . all five of us girls, some in the seat with Father, and some rode in the foot of the buggy, and it fell to the lot of Fay and myself to ride in the back . . . Anyway a new buggy was grand to have . . . *And our very own.*

"Kid like, we children laid claim to certain of the pigs to care for, and the one I picked was a white one, and Fay's was black and white. Well, it happened they were among the chosen ones to be penned up and fattened for meat and lard, for the family use, so we thought we were being mistreated again."

"Yes, I suppose you did," Jewel said.

"There had been a great crop of corn gathered into the cribs, and fodder into the loft. A pair of mules was stabled at one side of the crib, and the new buggy, and a model T Ford under shelter at the opposite side of the crib—the model T belonged to the negro that had previously gone into the service . . . Well, when he came back he took the bonus money he received and bought this car. Anyway, the crib caught on fire, at about one or two o'clock in the morning. We were out running around in our night gowns. Father was trying to chase the mules out of the burning shelters, and the burning fodder had fallen on their backs, and they were so frightened they turned on Father and chased him out of the lot . . . though eventually he succeeded in saving them. But our beautiful new buggy was burned up. Father saved the fattening hogs, by pulling off boards from the pens and driving them to safety. Old Sun came running up in time to push the model T from the shelter as the top of it caved in. People threw water on the top of the house to keep it from burning. And Grandmother came running from her house, all out of breath, thinking we were being burned up.

"For weeks the backs of the mules were doctored with peroxide, and covered with bed sheets; they looked a sight.

"Father had planned to carry the family for a visit with one of his brothers, in a little town here in Georgia. But a

new way of transportation would have to be found, since the buggy had been burned. Well, Father made arrangements with old Sun to carry us in the Model T Ford. Oh! we were a bunch of excited youngsters, never realizing danger—for the darkey did not know very much about driving his newly acquired automobile.

“That night, while driving, the lights died out for some reason, and the trip was continued by lantern light. However, we arrived at our destination, with all our bones still intact. Though one time on our way back home the driver went off the road, and out across a field, but nevertheless a good sized stump blocked our way. Then, of course, all of us had to climb out and help push the Ford back off the stump, so we could get started on the right way again. And during all the time of this trip the negro was relating exciting tales of his voyage across the sea. We were very interested in the tales told of the mermaids. He would say: ‘Lawdy, chillun, Ise jes’ wish you all coulda seed dem mermaids, comin’ up outin’ de middle of de ocean; dey sho was purty; dey had long, wavy black hair. But dey also was de wornin’ ob sompin bad . . . we jes knowed a bad sto’m was in de brewin’, ebber time we seed dem’.”

“Well, we kids thought it all true, as we had seen pictures of the mermaids on oyster cans, and for all the thousands of questions we asked him concerning the beautiful mermaids, there was a ready answer . . . so their existence was a reality to us.

“Quite an exciting trip. Kassie, I presume you were still going to the Hill school? What kind of recreation did this little school afford for the children—you spoke of it being small—one room, I believe.”

“One of the chief things was the merry-go-round. Some of us older children, and our very helpful teacher, cut down a large tree about two feet above the ground, and attached a long plank to the top of this stump, and we would take turns, a few children riding on the merry-go-round, and others pushing; we really had plenty of exercise. Then there were playhouses made under the shade trees, and on Friday afternoons our thoughtful teacher went with us for

a stroll through the woodland. Sometimes we gathered wild flowers, and there was a nice place to fish, while the younger children made a place to slide on the pine needles. The oil in the needles wear the bottoms of shoes very slick, so they would have quite a nice time. Most of the children were very healthy—plenty of fresh air, and exercise. Jewel, one thing I well remember, while I went to this school: the oldest girls carried water for all the school, from some of the farm houses. And it was my year to help carry the water. Another girl and I would carry a long stick on which to place the pails of water, as we could carry more this way. Anyway, we had to pass by a negro house where there was a gang of little negro children; there was one that would always be sitting on the porch of this house. It was small, and I would be so sorry for it trying to eat; all the rest of the family would be in the kitchen, eating at the table, but this one was alone on the porch, with a bowl of milk. It did not know how to use a spoon, so it just dragged its hands through the milk and licked it from them, and I just could not understand why, so I asked a girl, that had learned about the mysteries of life at an earlier age than I. So she told me it was because the small nigger was a little bastard. Well, I presumed that was some kind of a disease, but still I wanted some one to feed the poor starving negro child . . . Oh, I went home telling my mother that I wanted to bring 'the little bastard negro' home with me; that it was sick and I wanted to nurse it."

"Oh, no, Kassie! What did your mother say to that?"

"Mother was probably so shocked I suppose it was difficult for her to think of anything to say, though nevertheless, she did say: 'Child! you can't raise a little negro child.' I argued that it would starve. Naturally, I did not win. I suppose that sympathy will always rule my heart, and I am not sorry of it, although it makes life rather difficult for me at times; as you know, there are so many people who do not realize how nursing and sympathy and the love for trying to help suffering humanity are pressed into the same heart. Oh, another incident that happened while I went to this school was when the girls began to think of a

certain boy there as being somewhat of a sweetheart. I am most sure that is the way of all the world, whether it be a large school or a small one. Anyway, there was a legend handed down for generations, among the young girls, that on May 16, at noon hour, twelve o'clock, to carry a mirror to a well of water, the young lady to lean backward over the well, and looking into the mirror her supposedly future husband would be revealed in it, but if an old maid was to be her lot, a casket would be seen in the mirror."

"I suppose you did not miss out on this either. What did you see?"

"Oh! I drew a gray mule, and a boy with a large straw hat. And, Jewel, before you start teasing, I will beat you to the draw, and assure you, I married the boy with the large straw hat. Now that I have fully explained that—"

Jewel interrupted: "I can say, that I have heard of foolish girls setting dumb suppers—"

"Now, Jewel, just who were these foolish young girls? Come, come; go ahead and tell me about yourself and this dumb supper, for I am sure you can tell about it."

"Well, Kassie, since you are trying to twist my arm, I will tell this, for it was rather frightening, and funny after it was all over. There were six of us girls that were going to share this secret, and set a dumb supper. Although we did not believe it, we were curious about the many tales we had heard of young girls seeing their future husbands, and if they were to be old maids, a casket came floating in and placed itself in the chair beside the girl. The six of us started at six o'clock prompt in the evening. We were supposed to keep mum because it would not work if we broke the silence by talking. Everything we were supposed to do, we had to go at it backwards. We made a large pot of coffee, we poured in the water, and the coffee with our hands behind us, while some of the girls fired the range stove, placing the wood in with their hands behind them. The eggs were fried in the same backward manner. All was going fine until on the dot, twelve o'clock, and during this time the front door of the house was to be kept open, you know, to enable the spirit of the future husbands to enter.

“As the clock on the mantel was striking twelve, we heard a thumping noise in the hall and, of course, all of us were getting rather scared by this time, especially because of the mission we were on. We all gathered in a huddle at the sound of the noise, and when the hall door opened and a bunch of young men came stamping into the room, walking backwards, was just too much for us.”

“Yes, I would think so; and then what happened?”

“To make a long story short, those that were able to run left the ones who were not able to do so. We ran upstairs to where Mother was sleeping. She aroused Father, but the intruders had left when we got back to the dining room. One of the girls had got tangled with a chair, and I suppose she must have knocked herself out when she hit the floor. Another just fainted.”

“Of course they were *real* boys, but how did they know the girls were having this dumb supper, Jewel?”

“One of the girl’s brother found out about it. Oh, he was rather devilish—about eighteen months younger than his sister, and delighted in teasing her, always scheming to find out where she was going, and when; usually he was already at her place of destination when *she* arrived. Not that he was mean, but just to tease. He had eavesdropped a conversation between Ann and her Mother about the supper. Six youngsters wrapped in white bed sheets, walking backwards into the room at the exact hour of midnight, was more than we bargained for; in fact, none of us believed anything would happen. The girls were spending the night with me, and we thought it would be a lot of fun.”

“Jewel, I can just imagine he was freckled, red haired, husky, good natured, and his name was Tom?”

“Your guess is right, except his name is Howard, Kassie. He grew up to be a mighty fine fellow, and he married the girl that got entangled with the chair, at the dumb supper.”

“No!” Kassie exclaimed.

“Yes, he did. Here, you get on with your story, I came to hear *it*.”

“Jewel, children certainly can get into plenty of mischief. I recollect the first whipping I received from my Father.

Our new house was just about completed, and we carried a lot of clothes to be ironed. We went over to the new home to iron them, heating the irons by the fire in the large fireplaces. My job was to keep the fire just right to heat the irons. Grandmother was overseeing us at this time, as our only brother had arrived in the world to live with us. We were very proud of brother Ray, but still we had our disputes among the girls over the work to be done. Matt and Pat were ironing and passing words ever so often as was convenient. I was not going to be left out of the argument. As the ironing progressed, Matt would leave Grandmother's large aprons, dresses, and skirts to Pat to iron. So the argument began to get rather warm, and Pat said: 'Matt, Grandmother gives you everything—always giving you money, so you can just do her ironing; she never gives the rest of us anything.' I chimed in that she was right . . . 'Let Matt do them, Pat; she gets everything! I just would not iron them.' We thought Matt was a tattle-tale, for she told Grandmother what we had said about her. She being old and childish felt terribly abused, and carried the argument to Mother who was not physically able to listen to such nonsense, she asking Father to straighten it all out for us.

"The next morning, as the five girls completed dressing before the comfortable fire in the open fireplace, Father came into the room. We knew when he entered and saw the handful of peach-tree switches, that we were in for a whipping. I was first. I think the number of limbs were equally divided between Pat and me, and we received quite a thrashing. Matt did not get the first lick. We were so angry with her, we would have liked to have started another argument right away but, knowing what might happen, we let the matter drop after pouting for a few days.

"After the new baby was a month old, we moved into the new house. I carried the baby, and the family with the other help moved the furnishings from one house to the other, as the new house was built close to the old one in the grove of mulberry trees. Oh, the freedom of plenty of room for the family! A spacious old fashioned hallway and wide porches, added grace to the house. We were very

happy. Our patience at waiting was well rewarded. From the back porch of the house we could see the reflections of the electric lighting of one of our leading cities, here in middle Georgia.

"I well remember when our cousin, with pretty brown eyes and black hair, came home from the army he would sit there on the back porch and tell us fascinating stories that happened overseas; one evening as we sat there listening to him he said, 'You know, Uncle Hill, I have got the dad-blamest hot weather heat: it has broken out all over my legs, and troubles me until I can hardly sleep at night.' He doctored it with heat powders, and such things as we could think of that might bring about a cure. We kept a huge basin sitting on the back porch, for bathing our feet, and of course our cousin, Jack, bathed his feet in the basin, too, and before many days Father's feet broke out 'with the dad-blamed heat.' Well, he was not going to stay awake nights with the heat, so he went to the family doctor

" 'Well! Well! Well!' He said, 'Heat nothing; you have the seven years' itch.' Vaseline and carbolic acid were tried, but Father could not stand that. Yes, within a very few days all the family had the seven years' itch. We purchased some medicine, a product that had some sulphur in it, and an odor equal to a lot of spoiled eggs, that had to be applied every night, for several nights with the happy result that the seven years' itch had its life shortened by six years, several months, and a few days; but it really was popular while we had it, for it claimed all our attention. Remarks were made to the effect that we should have been suspicious of the 'heat' at that time of the year. I do not overlook *any* kind of rash at any time of the year."

"No, I would think not. That was bad," Jewel said.

"Yes, it was bad. But Jack was innocent of the fact, and therefore we could hardly express our thoughts in words. Jack was very sorry over the whole affair. Please excuse me just a moment—'Yes, Hattie, what is the trouble?' Kassie asked the maid.

" 'Miz Kassie, guess you all bettah come into the kitchen

foah jes a minute. I sho can't find de lamb chops, dey done got lost in de friger rater.'

"Hattie, here they are in plain view. Now do your very best in the art of preparing them, and try to have lunch at twelve o'clock sharp—and be sure to crisp the celery."

" 'Yesm, Miz Kassie, sho will.'

"Well, that is over. Hattie is so forgetful but she is a fine cook," Kassie remarked to Jewel, as she sat down again.

Jewel said: "Kassie, time is quickly passing and we have barely scratched the surface of the story. I almost regret the slightest interruptions. Please forgive me, I do not mean to complain."

"Sure, Jewel, I understand. We only have the day off from hospital duty with the same hours.

"I will continue by stating that another year had spun into eternity, and the spring of another year was here again. We must work untiringly, breaking of the soil and the seeding of the crops to be done again; we must keep the cotton-planters going, and handling fertilizer . . . that was a mean job. Then I remember the dresses that had to have two pockets, one on the right for carrying corn seed, and one on the left for velvet beans, going down the rows, planting and back in another one, it seemed there was not an end to it. However, my sisters and I got big-hearted ever so often, and suggested to Father to let us plow while he went fishing. We kept a trap for catching fish, and too, Father was quite a good fisherman. We made sure that he carried plenty of different kinds of fish bait. We dug the worms, and seined the minnows from the brook. How we enjoyed muddying the water in the brook by wading and damming up the water; the minnows would get sick in the muddy water and come to the top, so we would be ready to get them. Father usually came in with from fifty to seventy-five nice fish. And of course that meant a wonderful fish supper, which was enjoyed very much. It was my task after supper to see that Father's bath water was made ready for him.

"There was the chore of driving the cows to and from the pastures. Sometimes we would get careless and let the ropes get stolen which were used to lead the cows or drive

them. But when they *were* stolen we had to drive them by their tails. Sometimes on Fridays or Saturdays we lingered to pick flowers in the woodlands. Oh, there were violets, wild phlox. Sometimes on Saturdays, we went fishing, and also gathered flowers—mountain laurel, honeysuckle, sweet shrub . . . Easter lilies, 'grandson grey beard'. We needed them all to decorate the house for Sunday. Usually there was company for the day. Many young people visited us on Sundays.

"In fall of this year that I am speaking of, progress was made to the extent that Father was able to keep a wage-hand to haul lumber, and that meant extra money made for the family. Father was ever on the alert to earn additional money, and the greater portion of the time he made a profit, even though it was a small amount at times. The wage-hand helped out with the chores and after feeding the stock we would persuade him to give us children a ride in the wheelbarrow around the house.

Our cousin, Jack, had asked Father to let him farm with him, and was having quite a time of it, for he did not have any help and the grass was getting such a start in his cotton fields that it was a sad sight to look upon. So you might guess what did happen: Yes, Father told him that some of the children might help to straighten out the fields again. And, of course, Fay and I were the elected ones to do the helping. There in that great stretch of red clay, though fertile land, the cotton was growing but the great clumps of grass was growing so much the faster and Jack worked very untiringly plowing the middle, between the rows of cotton. The sun beamed down on us. The closer to the branch of water we worked, the worse the gnats, yellow-flies, and most every kind of fly, that could bite and torture. Poor Fay would cry; and it was indeed something to cry for. We would pick up a clod of soil and grass and whip it against our legs, the dirt helping to keep the gnats and flies from pestering us so badly. Oh, we thought he was treating us mean, for we had to keep working until very nearly dark. The Red Field, as we named it, was a long distance from the house, and the only thing nice about working it was the

horseback ride we had to and from the field. Old Nell was a gentle horse and seemed to have plenty of sense. She would hold her head low so we could bridle her—she was the horse I told you about. But there came a day when Nell was sold: she brought the handsome sum of *forty* dollars! Matt and Pat received a beautiful dress with a portion of the money from the sale. Oh, they were very sheer silk—lavender, and pink—made with capes . . . Yes, that time we younger girls were given a dress. But, of course, according to age, we received cheaper ones, old rose stripe, and blue chambray. The material was thick, and just would *not* ever wear out; then there was the ungodly high-topped shoes, and black ribbed stockings—how I hated them! but hating did not help, for the consolation we received was: ‘You should be proud to get them.’ And rightly so, I suppose, for the practice of thrift has provided for my parents in their old age. There are so many old people who have not been as fortunate. I worry about old people who do not have any place to go and, in numerous cases, are not wanted, or they inconvenience the young folks. And true enough: all ages do need recreation, and relaxation. Jewel, if only the Lord will bless the plans which I have tirelessly tried to carry out there will be a home for which I so dearly wish where I can care for invalids, and also a homey place where old people may stay while the other members might have a carefree vacation. It is only natural for members of families to frequently get on each other’s nerves, especially when the younger ones want to have visits from their lively friends, but noise must be kept at a minimum, and complete silence is demanded sometimes. I have experienced some of these cases, and I will tell you of a few later on in the story.”

“Kassie, did you try any cooking when you were very young?”

“Yes, the first cooking I ever attempted was trying to fix the morning meal. Mother had been called away to help a friend in a delivery case, and did not get home by the time Father wanted his breakfast, about three o’clock in the morning; he called Fay and me. He wanted to go fishing, wishing to get an early start. I was to make biscuits, and

Fay was to slice the meat, and make a bowl of ham gravy. Both of us were to prepare the table. When all was in readiness, Father was called to breakfast. The biscuits I had struggled to make were hard, and cracked open. Fay had sliced the meat the wrong way, and *it* was tough. The gravy was thick enough to slice with a knife, but thank goodness there was plenty of butter, jelly, and such. I was twelve years old at that time, and should have known how to prepare a meal—that is, a simple one. But I would much rather be nursing. I always had patients, whether they were pigs, calves, or little chicks. One day my favorite Uncle came by our house and brought two little red pigs. Their mother had more of them than she could feed, so I did my best to feed them but they were too near death to save them, so we girls conducted a funeral for them. Oh, that was just two then, but I was forever the receiver of the runt pigs.

“My Mother asked me to kill a small chicken that had broken a leg. I complained. Oh, no I just could not. But she said it must be killed, for the bone was completely through the skin. Instead of killing it I got the axe, cut a splint, and fixed bandages. I was so proud of the job I did on that broken leg. It healed very quickly! And I would day-dream of the time when I could help suffering humanity that could not help themselves.

“I raised one pretty pig, which became such a pet, that she followed me almost every place; on coming home from school she would be in the path to meet me. I suppose I would have let her into the house if Mother would have let me. As I look back on those days I realize the pig must have been quite a pest, for when I went into the house she lay down as close to it as possible. But nevertheless she was my pet. Then one day I came home from school, there was no pet to meet me. I called, and looked for her, while everyone of the family acted as if there was a great secret. Well, at the supper table I discovered there was no longer a secret, for there gracing the table were delicious parts of my pet pig!

“Of course, I knew I could not keep the pet forever, but *then* I just could not see it *that* way; I almost swam in my

own tears, while my stomach felt as if it was doing somersaults when I thought of eating any of the meat, so Mother mixed all the meat to prevent me from knowing when part of my pet was being cooked . . . After that I never claimed any of the creatures for pets; yet if there were any to care for I nursed them but when they were fat enough, they must be killed in that last cold snap of March. How I did despise that time!

“One afternoon, I well remember, Fay, Kay and I went by the kitchen and got a large baked potato, a chunk of pork backbone, and started on the errand of bringing in the cows for milking. We kept a bunch of buggy-wheel rims, and rolled them for hoops, with a paddle. It made work seem more like play. On this special afternoon, two twin colored girls met up with us going for their cows, and all of us rolling hoops. Oh, we were having a wonderful time. But when we arrived in the woodland, we got lost looking for our cows, for they had strayed from the pasture; we found them with another herd of cattle. We eventually got our stock separated from the others and they had sense enough to know the way home. But it was through the thickest places in the woods, and as Kay was small, we would have to wait for her to get over the bad places. We thought that was quite a nuisance because there were all the hoops to be put together and carried, while in the distance we could hear a bull bellowing, and coming nearer and nearer. Poor Kay was holding up the crowd by getting entangled in bamboo, or saw-briars as they are often called. The bellowing of the bull was getting too close for comfort, and we had quite a stretch of land to cover before we could yell loud enough to summon help if the beast caught up with us. Nevertheless, with added effort we got home safely. But the cows had been run so fast that they were either tired, or angry, and did not give very much milk that night.”

“Quite an experience,” Jewel said.

“Oh, Kassie, did you grow peanuts on this farm? I understand that peanuts are quite a valuable crop in this state.”

“Yes, peanuts are grown on the farm for several reasons.

For sale, is the chief reason of course. Then many fields of them are grown for fattening swine; you see, a drove of swine can practically feed themselves when turned onto a field of peanuts; and too, the vines make hay, for stock feed. And last but not least, a good old Georgia farm just would not be a farm without them. Oh, we always had a lot of fun at the time of year when we could boil peanuts. That took place before becoming seasoned. Many young people gathered at our house for this little ceremony. Still there were the thorns: Planting, and it seemed that every Saturday during the weeding season Fay and I were doomed to running the weeder through the peanuts. We would hitch a big black horse to the weeder and every time we hit a stump the rascal would stop. Fay and I would count three, and both of us lift the weeder over the stump. And off we would go again until the same operation had to be repeated. Then the harvesting. They were plowed up, and it really was hard work—well, I mean very tiring, as there was a lot of back-bending. Picking up the large bunches of peanuts, and shaking off the surplus soil, or all that could be shaken off, and the task of carrying them to the frames and poles provided, which were an even distance apart. When the stack was completed, it must resemble a funnel. Being large at the bottom of the frame, and small at the top; of course, it was stacked in order to let the air circulate through it.”

“And what would happen if they were not coddled so much?”

“Jewel, I suppose it does sound like a lot of unnecessary work. But they, that is the peanuts, would start sprouting and rotting, and certainly be ruined.

“Here is something I bet that you have never heard of. But to tell you first: Grandmother Jones and Grandmother Beck had moved out to a place—just the two old ladies, and on the farm were a lot of fruit trees, including apple trees, that bore apples by the bushel; and, naturally, gathering apples was considered children’s work, of which I did my share. But most of the time the grandmothers could get the work out of us; anyway, there were huge barrels, and

a large quantity of cottonseed, and after the weather got cool we helped to pack the apples into the barrels—a layer of apples, and a layer of cottonseed . . . but the effort for that work was well rewarded, for in the cold days of winter we had all the delicious apples that were needed.”

“Well, just what did the cottonseed have to do with apples?” Jewel asked. “I really have not heard of packing apples with cottonseed.”

“Why, the cottonseed preserved them—kept them from freezing.”

“You have heard of ‘Sipping cider through a straw’?”

“Yes, sure, Kassie. But don’t tell me *you* sipped cider.”

“Oh! to be sure. I certainly did, but now wait; I sipped from an individual glass, and not through a straw.”

“And I wonder about that, Kassie. Are you sure?”

“Oh, fiddlesticks—keep guessing.”

“Well, the apples were sorted, and the good ones were run through a cider mill, the juice stored away to become vinegar. Although any time the grandchildren visited there, we were given cider and, of course, too much of it is intoxicating. How Fay and I would long to let Kay drink a little too much of it! Grandmother would tell us that it would make us drunk, but we wanted to see for ourselves what it would do for Kay. But we were watched too closely, and Kay never drank enough to have any effect. Well, we ate gingerbread, too. And I have often wondered what would have happened if we could have had free rein with the cider and gingerbread!”

“Yes, Kassie, I would like to have heard the results of that, too. There must not have been a dull moment when you were around, and I must say you have not changed a lot—as yet.”

“I will tell you of some dull moments, Jewel, very dull.”

“Yes, and when was that?” Jewel asked.

“Oh, back years ago, when I had to go fishing with my Grandmother. She could sit on the bank of a lake or any fishing place, and never move for hours, and poor little me had to sit there, too, holding a pole in the water, and never getting a nibble for encouragement.”

"Now that would be tiresome, I can well imagine," Jewel interrupted.

"I would plead and persuade her to move to another place and, Jewel, all she would say would be: 'Child! You must have patience to be a good fisherman. Land O Goshen, you are worse than Jessie's little fice. What is to become of the children of this age and time, can't be still a moment?' I think she, more or less, asked the question as food for her own thought."

"Oh, sure. I have heard such remarks many times, 'What is to become of this new generation?'" Jewel laughingly said.

"Jewel, I have often thought how happy and contented Grandmother was to sit there in the serene quiet of the place. And Jewel there is a stream of water on the property I have purchased for the building of this dream-home for the aged; I just wonder if I could have a nice lake built for fish? There would be sufficient fresh water for the lake from the stream. The old folks, who were not confined to beds, could while away many happy hours fishing in the lake. And, too, there would be a fresh supply of fish for food—perhaps I shall see about that little matter, and before very long."

"I agree with you. I believe that it would be a grand idea, knowing you as I do. It would be a place of beauty; soon it would be landscaped, with flowers and shrubs galore. Yes, I believe you have something worth while to think about. Though my dear, count the cost, too; for if you started it, and had to wait too long to finish it, your heart would be broken. Notwithstanding that you seem to have the patience you would need. I suppose things come to them who work and wait."

"Yes, I have heard that, too. But someone has really got to help in the meantime," Kassie said.

"To be sure," Jewel replied.

"Now getting back to life on the farm," Kassie said. "Father had purchased an addition to the farm of one thousand acres. And of course that meant more cotton, peanuts, corn and syrup cane. We hired about fifteen

colored women the first summer, and of course as many colored men as we could afford. My sisters and I went to the cotton fields right along with the colored women. Father depended on us to see that they kept busy with cotton picking, but the hot sun made a number of them lax, though usually the negroes would sing spirituals, and we girls sang along with them. My, how they could chop, or pick cotton as they sang! And there would be nothing to worry about after they began singing. I feel as though sometimes I can hear them yet. 'Sw-ing, lo-w, sweet cha-r-i-ot' it would just ring. And Jewel, speaking of singing spirituals, brings back a memory that I cannot understand or forget. About one and a half miles from my home (I was still a young girl at the time I am speaking of), lived an old, old negro man who beat a drum. It could be heard for miles around; in the stillness of the evening there would be this seemingly strange music. There was a difference in the beating of the drum—sometimes it sounded as if it might be talking, giving out some kind of a message. And then again a certain sound brought the colored people from every direction, going to the beating of the drum. And far into the night they could be heard singing spirituals—voices ringing in the air. It was beautiful. Untrained voices, altho I must say queer, out there in the woodland close to the old darky's shack, the still darkness of night and the flickering of a bonfire, and the smell of roasting potatoes among the hot charcoals and ashes. The strange thing was that not one of the colored people would talk of the drum beating. We girls were very curious and would try to bring up the subject of the drum beating among the colored people only to have our efforts rewarded with a frightened glance at each other in the group."

"Kassie, you mean they would not say one word?"

"No. Not one. I have often wondered if the weird beating of the drum dated back to some form of ritualistic ceremony of the jungles of Africa."

"Well, I just could not say, but I can imagine it did sound very creepy, with everything being so quiet. Did the beat-

ing of the drum continue on rainy and cold nights of the winter?"

"Yes. For as long as I can remember. That is, until I left the old country home. If I can think of it sometime when I am down that way, I will ask someone if the beating of the drum has ceased. Just out of curiosity, I would like to know. Almost all the colored people of that district were very well behaved; we seldom heard of any misbehavior among them. Do you suppose there was some kind of a covenant concerning the drum?"

"I really would not know; but it could have been a possibility," Jewel said. "And of course they had a right to keep it a secret if they wished to do so."

"Yes, yes. Every right to do so," Kassie agreed.

"Kassie, what was life on the farm like, in the winter?" Jewel asked. "All the summer's work done, and time on your hands."

"Well, about the last of November, each year, there was cane syrup to be made. It was a lot of fun. The cane had to be run through a cane mill, to press out the juice, then the barrels of sweet juice is cooked in a vat over a slow fire, until it becomes thick and is syrup—then the fun of making candy with the last of the syrup in the vat! Oh, there was always a crowd of people ready for the candy-pulling when the last cooking of syrup was made; yes, and it really was a lot of fun. The amount of juice put into the vat cooks down to about a third before it becomes syrup. How I loved to sit by the fire and smell the delicious syrup cooking. However, I never forgot the urge to nurse.

"In the evenings, the family sat by the glowing fire in the fireplace, until the fire would die down to embers. I remember many times seeing Mother sit by the fire tying gill nets for the spring fishing, or carding cotton for padding for quilts, with the old-fashioned hand-carders. She would gaze into the dying embers of the fire. I can imagine it kind of brought back memories to her, both pleasant and sad. Mother was very strict with the children; but one time I *did* defy her to the very last. Although I really was frightened, Mother thought I was only trying to disobey her. There

was a hen's nest under the corn crib, and it must have been one of their favorite nests for several of the fowls laid their eggs in it, and I had been crawling under the crib every day previously, and gathering the eggs. But on this particular day, I started to crawl under the crib, and suddenly I felt that if I did, the whole building would fall on me. I thought sure I saw the floor sagging, and I went back to the house and told Mother I was afraid the crib would fall on me if I went under there. She said, 'You get out there and gather those eggs, and no more foolishness.' I started crying, and Mother gave me a very light whipping, but still I cried that I was afraid; she eventually got so provoked with me she went out to the crib with me, and still I pleaded I was scared. By this time she was angry, and I got several whippings, right along together, but I was still afraid. So Mother told me to get a hoe, or a rake and drag them out of the nest. Of course that damaged the nest, but I could not help that."

"Kassie, did you honestly believe the crib would fall on you?"

"Yes, honestly I did feel that very way—"

"Oh, no! Well, did the crib ever fall?"

"No, and I never crawled under it again either."

"I just can't imagine anything like that," Jewel said.

"Well, anyway I can think of it yet and feel smothered, even as absurd as it might sound," Kassie replied.

Kassie continued: "Oh, I was telling you how we spent the winter evenings. The school work had to be done first thing after the supper dishes were cleared away. Then we might make shadow pictures on the wall."

"Oh! and what are shadow pictures, may I ask?"

"Well, Jewel, here is one for an example. Come on and follow directions. Place palms of hands together, and fingers straight, and together."

"Like this?" Jewel asked.

"Yes. Now cross the left thumb over the right thumb and let the thumbs stick up; now let the two little fingers drop slightly. See? Now in shadow picture, you have a wolf's head, and by moving the little fingers up to meet

the ring fingers, and down again, makes the wolf open and shut its mouth. Of course, the shadow must fall on a wall. We had kerosene lamps for a long time on the farm, and we had lots of fun making shadow pictures, by the lamp light."

"Well, in the privacy of my room, I am going to practice some of these so-called shadow pictures," Jewel said. "And I hope no one ever catches me making them, for I would feel rather foolish."

"I do not see any reason for feeling foolish. Why, Jewel, you might get married and have a crowd of children to entertain, and I am sure any normal child likes shadow pictures."

"Maybe you are right. Who knows what the future holds?"

"Showing you how to make shadow pictures with my hands reminds me of folding my fist, like this, and whistling—I was just about the champion hog-caller in our neighborhood."

"No. Kassie, did you raise hogs for the 4-H club?"

"No. I raised Barred rock chickens, and entered them in the fair, as a 4-H club member. I remember how disappointed I was in not receiving first prize. I thought they were such beauties. I enjoyed being a 4-H club member; and I recall attending a camp for a week for the members, and we learned a lot about cooking. Oh, I did get a prize for making a salad dressing. At the end of the week we attended a meeting and enjoyed a barbecue at a college here in the state. We also had a field day every year. Naturally, we looked forward to this special day. Oh, there were games galore, and one I well remember, tossing the bean bag into three circles, large, medium, and small, or more often called the bull's-eye, which was a count for fifteen points, medium ten, and of course the outer circle five. Well, I was rather lucky for I won a beautiful box of handkerchiefs. Some youngster in the crowd would say, 'There goes another bull's-eye.' Perhaps that was what brought me luck, he just saying that."

“Well, we shall keep guessing about that part of it, Kassie.”

“Really, I must say as I look back over my childhood days on the farm, I enjoyed all of it—except the cotton picking with the hot sun blazing down, and carrying along a sack in which to put the picked cotton; oh, to be sure, I was reprimanded lots of times for sitting on the sack of cotton that I had picked. And one day as I sat on the cotton sack, a beautiful caterpillar came wriggling along. Life seemed so pleasant for him—I was day-dreaming, and thinking if I had as many legs as that little caterpillar, but someone would interrupt my day-dreaming by yelling, ‘Kassie, wake up! and come on. You will not have fifty pounds of cotton by sundown.’ How I longed just to sit there and watch the caterpillar; but if I could have known the true fact, I suppose the worm was actually toiling for a livelihood.”

“You know, Kassie, I have wondered about things of that sort. Still, everything that breathes, even to plants and trees, have to get water, and food from the soil.”

“Yes, that is very true,” Kassie agreed, and continued:

“Jewel, this kind of reminds me of the time I was traveling into town one morning with Father. He can be very jovial as well as strictly business-like. On the way we had to pass a huge boulder by the side of the road. Father said, ‘Kassie, you see that big rock there?’

“‘Yes, Sir, I do,’ I replied.

He said, “‘Did you know that everytime that rock hears a rooster crow, it turns over?’

“‘No, I didn’t know it; let’s wait and see it turn over’.”

“‘Kassie, the rock doesn’t hear,’ he said, and laughed very heartily. I was so disgusted I did not even smile. I just said, ‘Pshaw.’ He still thought it was very funny.”

“Yes, and I presume it was funny, too. It was simple, and yet a little catchy. However, I suppose you were a more alert little girl from then on?”

“Yes. I am sure it helped.”

PART II

“A happy day was approaching for me: I was going to live with an Uncle and Aunt. Oh, not that I was going to leave home, but that I was advancing in school. The little Hill school was being left behind. How I could just dream of the day I would hold my high school diploma in my hand, and then I would be ready to enter training for my cherished profession! When my Uncle asked me what I intended to do after graduation, and I told him I intended to become a Red Cross Nurse, how he patted me on the arm, and assured me that I would be entering a great field which was so much in need of trained nurses. ‘A wonderful call to service,’ he said. If I could have looked into the future and have had a glimpse of trying to be any kind of a nurse, I just do not believe that I could have braved the trials. But I was telling you of staying with Uncle and Aunt. They were also taking care of another niece who was a very lovely, kind-hearted girl. Fannie’s father passed away leaving her an orphan, and as this Uncle and Aunt were childless, Fannie and I were very welcome in the home. We helped with the chores, before and after school. We also prepared the morning meals. Aunty busied herself taking out the hems of our dresses. They were long enough for the prevailing styles, but I would be in tears when I would want to wear something special and find the hem-lines let down and faced to make them even longer. Fannie would try to console me by saying ‘just hem them back up to where they were.’ But, gracious, that took time, and who wanted to hem a dress before going some place? But that had to be overlooked, because I was working toward an objective, and how my spirit would soar at the thought of nursing! Some of my Aunt’s relatives lived close by, including a very elderly lady and her invalid son. I enjoyed helping to nurse him. I carried milk to their home each day, and I believe it was really appreciated. They seemed so helpless there alone.

“During this period of school I was happy and I made many friends among the girls and boys. As in most schools,

the annual play had been planned, and the players selected for parts. The one who was given the leading role was a beautiful girl, and very popular. But about two weeks before the play was to be given she became ill, and died. There were eleven girls and ten boys in the class, so the remaining ten girls were flower-girls at the funeral, and the ten boys. All of us were dressed in white, and sat together in the church. The older boys were pallbearers of our beloved schoolmate. Another girl was given the leading part in the drama, but it was with sad hearts, and a strong determination to make the play successful. And indeed it had the earmarks of that very thing.

“The school term eventually came to a close, and news had come also that the little Hill school would be consolidated with a larger one close enough to my home which would enable me to live at home again. So off to home again, and summer vacation. Oh, I knew there would be plenty of work to do on the farm, but I was secretly hoping that I could pick up some work to do for wages, as I wanted my own spending money, and Lady Luck favored me, for a cousin came by home one day and asked if any of us girls would consider packing peaches, in a little town not so far from home. Father reluctantly let us go, for he was doing well with a new sawmill and it seemed there were always additions being made to the farm land. Of course, a lot of the land being purchased at this time was covered with timber for the lumber business. And now he owned his own trucks for lumber-hauling, and we were afforded a car, but don't get the idea that we would sit around idle, for that just does not get you anywhere with my parents; no, not even after these many years!

“Packing peaches was a nice new experience. I was given the job of grading, and that was very easy work, compared to chopping cotton; and, too, we were allowed to drive Father's car to and from work, which was quite a treat.

“Have you ever visited that part of the state where so many peaches grow?”

“Yes, Kassie, only last spring I was invited to spend a few days in the home of a patient I had nursed, she living

in the midst of a large orchard. Oh, such a lovely home and family! How I enjoyed that visit—the peach blossoms were in full bloom, and it looked like a huge crimson carpet spread over miles and miles of acreage. I understand that there are large orchards of peach trees that have white blossoms; perhaps next spring I can see more of this beautiful sight, as I now have a car of my own.”

“Yes, I am sure you will enjoy your car very much. I am happy for you. And speaking of peach blossoms, I have some colored camera pictures of a large orchard in bloom. The next time I make a visit down to my Mother’s, I will bring them back with me. I should keep them in the album here along with the pictures we were looking at this morning.

“Jewel, the first morning I worked in the packing-house I noticed two of the cutest boys, the smallest one had the job of nailing up crates, and he worked like a Trojan to keep up and have a few minutes to spare, then he would come and help me grade peaches, while my heart would be turning flips. I did not know that in the future he, Khase, would be my husband; anyway, there was another young man that would try to show me favors, and I really was enjoying all this attention. One time I recall, Khase’s family was giving a barbecue—but wait a minute! I am about to get the cart before the horse: The owner of the packing-house gave a barbecue for all the employees, and we were on our way to purchase a few more loaves of bread, just to be sure that there would be enough; Bill and Khase were the two boys going, and each one asked me to go with them and, of course, I agreed to go if another girl went along with us, and another girl did go. Bill got angry with me for getting into the back seat of the car with Khase, though I did not care at the time, but perhaps I might have decided to have ridden in the front seat with the driver had I known Khase was going to try to kiss me. Though I still get a thrill, when I think of how he would hold up his big straw hat, you know, one of the old-time sage hats, and try to conceal our faces from the couple in front of us, and beg me to kiss him.”

"Well, did you?" Jewel asked.

"I did not," Kassie replied.

"Why not? You said you were thrilled did you not?"

"Oh, sure, but nice girls just did not kiss boys they had know for such a short while. Goodness, I was embarrassed, too."

"Oh, well, I suppose you and Khase were sweethearts from then on. Am I right?"

"No, I did not hear from him again, until the following Valentine's day, when I received a valentine and a letter from him; you see, that was almost a year later. During this particular year we had a wonderful time at home, especially in the winter evenings. There were lots of parties at home and in the neighborhood. I recall how Fay and I would go out to the woodland and gather lightwood knots for the fireplace; they made beautiful as well as very hot fires. The rooms would be quite cosy in the evenings for our parties.

"In the fall of 1927 Fay and her boy friend eloped to South Carolina and married. That morning I was carrying several costumes to the school to be used in a play, and Fay hid her clothes in them, so when we arrived at school Fay went to a girl friend's house and dressed for the wedding. Elmer hired a taxi for the trip to South Carolina, and I was about to cry my eyes out, for I did not want Fay to marry, much less elope. I was supposed to spend the weekend with a girl friend, and a part of the day Saturday rehearsing for the school play. But no! When my parents heard about Fay, Father came for me at once. Oh, they were so angry with me, although I did all I could do, pleading until the last moment with her not to marry. Somehow, though, it seemed that my parents felt I should have prevented it. I had given my solemn promise not to tell the secret when Fay told me her intentions. So that was how I got into a jam. And there was one more jam I got into when Khase's family was giving a barbecue and Father knew Pat and I wanted to go, so that morning before going to work he made it very plain that we were not to go. And that, too, was final. But Pat kept pestering Mother to let

us go, so finally she did consent for us to do so; but I was afraid of Father, and when Khase came for us I told him we could not go; Pat said, 'Khase, Mother said we could go, and if Kassie will not, it is just because she does not want to go with you.' Well, now, that just would not do, because I did not wish Khase to be angry with me. We went.

"We had a wonderful time all day, except when I would think of getting a whipping or being 'bawled' out by Father. Close to time to be going home, Pat and I decided if we could get some of our girl friends to go home with us and spend the week-end, perhaps Father would be calmed down by Monday morning and forget the whole thing; but that evening as I was out in the flower garden cutting fresh flowers for the house, he called for me to come into the house. Oh, he had already talked to Pat, but she didn't mind at all; as long as he just talked, she would listen.

"Father began: 'Why have you disobeyed me? Can't you listen to anything I say? If you ever get into trouble you can never darken my door again; remember that!'

"I cried so long that I suppose he had time to think that I really did not mean to be disobedient, and perhaps he thought of the times he would have severe headaches and how I would enjoy nursing him. Well, eventually he told me to stop crying and prepare for supper, and he gave me a dollar, saying, 'Here, take this and put it with your savings.' He knew that I was saving to buy my class-ring. But he would not eat any of the box of nice barbecue Khase's family had fixed for them, taking only a cup of coffee for supper. I really felt hurt, but perhaps that might be what has kept me living in the right way.

"As I have said before, my parents were very strict. The first movie I attended was when the banquet was held at the end of the school senior year."

"Who was your date at this first movie?"

"Now wait, I wasn't so countryfied that he had to worry about my behavior."

"Well, I had not thought of that side of the story. What did you think of your first movie, or picture show?"

"Truly I was not very excited, for I knew in a few more

days I would be holding my precious diploma in my hand, which would mean I could start training to become a nurse. However, odds were against me then, just as they are now and have been all the while—if only my dear ones could understand why I must be a nurse. But they do not, and that is that. My parents never did say Pat and I could go in training for nursing; we just kept preparing to go.

“Pat came home from college, she was finishing her schooling, and I was finishing high school, but the summer vacation was between us and nursing. Oh, we made the most of that summer; nine of our girl friends spent the week with us during the revival at the church. I had received a Bible in school as a reward for getting the most headmarks in spelling and I proudly carried my Bible to every church service. When the teacher asked me what I would rather have as a prize, I asked for the Bible, knowing I would need it for guidance through the trials I would face as a nurse, yet how little I really knew at that time of my life!”

“Yes, how true. So very little the most of us know in our teen-age,” Jewel interrupted.

Kassie continued: “I was converted and joined the church, and the rites of baptism administered there, at the more than a century-old church. That was a wonderful revival that year. The young people were very active, many of us sang special songs. Pat was a soprano singer and I sang alto. Then at home while the nine girls visited with us we entertained by singing and some of the girls played the piano. And at night we laid mattresses on the floor so we could all sleep in the same room. Really some nights we would stay awake and talk until two or three o'clock in the morning. One night we were all talking and laughing when we heard a noise, at one of the windows, as if some one was trying to break in. I think all of us girls yelled at about the same time. Father came running into the room in his night clothes, and Pat had lighted a lamp while Father ran and got his old trusty thirty-eight revolver, and with him leading the way down the hall there were all the girls in night-gowns, white, blue, yellow and pink holding on to each other's back. And somehow the flame of fire ignited the lamp

bowl of benzine, and the lamp had to be carried out in the yard and the fire extinguished, but Father was not afraid of anything, for he was a good marksman."

"And you did not hear any more noises at the window that night?"

"No. The rest of the night was very calm, even we girls did not talk any more that night.

"The month of August brought great piles of water-melons, the nice, large ones were for slicing and the smaller ones were thrown to the swine. And cotton picking began in August, only this year I would not pick cotton in the great white fields. No! My precious dreams were coming true! Yes, beginning to materialize for I had received a letter stating Pat and I would be expected to arrive at training school to enter the new class September the first.

"My blood seemed to tingle throughout my body as the time came to start for our new destination. Altho, then as now, my parents wished me to choose something else for they felt I would marry, as I had been dating Khase for a long time, and they knew we thought quite well of each other. And Mother feels that a woman's duty is to her home and family first of all, and, naturally, she is right. How my heart has ached when the cross was heavy to bear! Love for my husband, children, and my home. And how they have felt forsaken, at times. And so many times I have earnestly tried to get away from the profession, but there were always a dozen good reasons for returning to it again. Oh, getting back to the day we started to leave for the hospital: Mother and Father carried us to the depot, to see us off. And I am sure they were not pleased with our final decision to become nurses."

"Kassie, I just can't understand why they would be so opposed to the nursing profession. However, they had their reason."

Kassie continued: "It was Labor Day when we arrived at our destination and we were made to feel very welcome by the nurses and the student-nurses. On Labor Day evening we watched the display of fireworks in the city park. I was so happy. Ah! at last—desire—ambition; surely life would

never be anything but contentment. But where I made one mistake was when I persuaded Pat to go in training with me . . . She was not talented for nursing. Oh, do not get me wrong; she made a wonderful student-nurse, but she was not exactly satisfied; there was something lacking for her to want to nurse. I have often wondered why she did not try teaching school; perhaps she just did not concentrate on what she did want to do, though in later years she has done well enough in the retail merchandise business."

"Kassie, you know I had the same idea of Pat the day I met her. At once I thought she should be a teacher. I can imagine she would make a very fine one; do you suppose she ever had any idea of it?"

"I don't know," Kassie said, wonderingly.

"Well, anyway, I could hardly wait for my uniform to be made, and the first thing we were supposed to learn I was well acquainted with—taking temperatures, and the like."

"Oh, yes, I will remember the first few days I spent when I entered training, they were very happy, too," Jewel remarked.

"Jewel, in three weeks' time I was given the responsibility of my patient's charting and everything pertaining to the needs of the patient. I was one happy girl; I felt that when I donned my starched white apron and blue uniform and went on duty I could face any kind of a crisis that might arise.

"On the floor where I worked were two small wards, one for women, the other for men. And as you know before hospitals became so over-crowded, it was only the people that were too poor to afford a private room, and as you know some were poorer than others. And again some of those who were really poverty-stricken were rich in appreciation of what the foot-weary nurse did for them. It was the ward patients for whom I so often felt sympathy, spending considerable time trying to make them feel more comfortable.

"There were unfortunate ones who could not afford more than one gown, and most likely some one in pity gave it to them. Well, for a fresh gown to put on, I have washed the

gown when I would start to bathe the patient, and hung it over the sterilizer to dry, so by the time I would have the patient bathed and hair combed, teeth brushed, and a rub down with alcohol the gown was ready to use again; of course it was rough dried, but sanitary. The poor old wrinkled faces of some of the patients were wreathed in smiles after my effort to try and show them that some one cared how they looked and felt. I feel sure I have been amply rewarded for the time I have spent in the work as a ward nurse. I truly felt that I was doing what God wanted me to do.

“The superintendent was all for business. What I mean, is the money had to be forthcoming for service. Of course, it does take money to run a hospital, just as in any kind of business; but in some cases I have cared for I thought perhaps the official was living without a heart beating within her breast.”

“Kassie, perhaps you are not giving her her just dues. After all, there is a limit as to expense, and effort; and some people never look ahead, they seem to think they will forever be able to live every day for itself. And, too, there is a class which does not care, of course; I sincerely believe in doing all I can for the ill. But do tell me what caused you to be so critical of the person in question?”

“Well, one of the things which irritated me was when an old fellow was brought in for an emergency operation, this superintendent stopped all preparations until she could find he had some way to pay: this patient lying there gasping for breath she finally discovered that his only possession in the world was one milch cow, and she wanted to be sure he did own one! So the orderly and a fellow that came with him to the hospital went to bring the cow to the hospital, and she ordered it to be tied in the back yard of the hospital, and the orderly was to care for it until she could be sold for a fair price to defray expenses of this man’s operation.”

“And did the man get the needed operation?”

“Oh, yes, eventually, and after a determined struggle he recovered from his illness. Jewel, do not get me wrong, for

I have worked under many fine head nurses. And lucky are the student-nurses who have an understanding head nurse to train them. Naturally, every one cannot see things the same way. I inclined to believe in trying to be helpful, or should I say, to be 'our brother's keeper?' Sometimes I wonder, when someone has fallen by the wayside, if it could have been prevented by someone who cared at one time or another. I am thinking of the case of a young girl who entered the hospital one morning. Yes, she was a ward patient. One of the nurses, I mean one of the student-nurses that had been in training longer than I had, came by and said: 'Super. is on the warpath, bringing in a ward patient—one of those characters; and she doesn't have any folks, so she says.' Then I heard the Super. saying, as she went by the room I was cleaning, jingling a large bunch of keys as she walked, 'Just a slut, a bitch; she ought to be thrown out of the window. Such crap should not be shown any mercy at all. What will she have with which to pay her bill! She will tell who her people are, when I get through with her; humph! they will know just what she is.' She went on fussing and fuming and not particularly speaking to any certain one. Well, the girl was admitted, a very pretty girl; she had come from another state. She was away from home and later I learned her parents thought she was working at a decent place and everything was all right. But she had fallen as so many do, ending up in a red-light district. Some quack Doctor had induced an abortion. I was with her at the time she gave birth and it must have been about four months. How well I remember the time of year, the sacred time of Easter season. I talked with her about her life, and we had prayer. She carried a gold cross, and one pink silk gown was her sole possession. On Sunday morning I bathed her, and asked her where her clean gowns were and she said, 'I do not own another one.' I gave that one a washing and hung it on the sterilizer to dry as usual in such cases. I set her pretty black hair in waves, and fixed her face with make-up. Oh, yes, a boy friend came in to see her that afternoon, and asked her who washed her gown, and when she told him, he left very soon and did not come back that day,

but on Monday he came in with a beautiful blue silk gown for her. He acted as if he might be ashamed of what had happened and they were talking of a very quiet wedding, and going to another town and making a new start in life. Whether they did or not, I never learned, although I have faith and hope that they did do so."

"You did not try to find out where they went to live?"

"No. Jewel I did what I thought was right, while she was in my care. And too, I changed shifts before she left."

"Kassie, what about her expenses? Did she pay her hospital bill?"

"I really cannot say if she did. Her parents did send her some money, how much, I don't know. I do know that she spent a very mournful day after receiving a letter from her parents."

"How did you like working the night shift, Kassie, while you were in training?"

"Everything was just fine, except that we were fed so poorly that I lost about twenty pounds in just a few weeks, until we 'wised up'—there would practically be nothing left for the nurses, or student-nurses, at night. My sister Pat said she could unlock the pantry door with a silver knife, if someone else would help to prepare the food after she got it, so we had plenty of coffee and sandwiches, though we had to be very, very careful not to leave any sign of cooking. For it was very little that the students had to do to lose all our hours—not just the one that was guilty, but all of us."

"Oh, yes, how well I know the rule," Jewel said.

Kassie continued: "The Super. seemed to be very happy in taking away our hours, which was done several times. Pat would be angry when they were taken from us, and she would always say, 'Kassie, I don't know why I ever let you pull me into this damn mess anyway.' However, Pat always did her best in her work.

"On the night shift, I did feel afraid to go into the basement. A door that led out to the alley remained unlocked at all times, and Super. would not hire a regular man to fire the furnace. The students were taught that task, too;

every four hours two girls had to go to the basement to shovel coal into the furnace, and check the water gauge. To get down to the basement we went out to the sidewalk and down the steps to the basement floor. Not even a small light bulb was allowed to burn to give a guiding light. I don't believe Super. wanted just to be thrifty, I think it was pure meanness. How we crept along in the darkness trying to find the cord to turn on the light! And the bulb that was there was similar to a lightning bug. Sometimes, while slipping along, we could hear noises, and with our hearts pounding, while holding on to each other, maybe a cat would be frightened by us, and go whizzing by. We would go through the boiler room and then to the coal bin to get the coal. While we were down there, we would think of anatomy, the parts that were no longer wanted, or needed, of course they had to be discarded—and what was more sanitary than cremating?

“One night Alice, the girl who went with me to fire the furnace, did not know about the water gauge, and when I went to check it, she asked what would happen if there was not any water showing in the gauge. I told her about the big boiler at Father's sawmill, and how sometimes the water would get low in the boiler, and the negroes would run for dear life, while the fireman would drag out the fire to keep the boiler from blowing to bits. Well, that sounded rather exciting to her for a moment, and she started shoveling coal, and saying, ‘Lets blow 'er up!’ I asked: ‘Girl what are you thinking of?’

“‘Oh, some fun of course,’ she replied. ‘Don't we fire this thing every four hours? Maybe if we let it blow one time, Super. will consider giving a man's work to a man.’

“‘Alice, you can't mean it!’ shoveling coal all the time she talked.

“‘Come on Kassie, let's get this coal in there.’

“‘Alice, as far as the boiler is concerned I would enjoy seeing it have a few expensive repairs, but there is much more to be considered. There are a lot of helpless people in this building and this boiler would surely make a mess of things, if it were allowed to explode. You would not de-

liberately murder someone would you, just because another is able to give you a raw deal?' Alice leaned on her shovel handle and said, 'Ah, Kassie, I do not believe it would be so bad as that.'

" 'Alice, I am not kidding you, and any time you decide to do anything so drastic, please let me know just a few moments beforehand, so I can get out of the building. I really want to graduate from the school.'

" 'Maybe you are right,' Alice said. 'But it is dangerous for girls to come down here alone at all times of the night.'

" 'I certainly agree; but you know, too, that we must be able to take care of ourselves, and perhaps that is why she tells us to take care of the furnace—you know, make "heap big braves" of us.' 'Well,' Alice said skeptically, 'it might help some of the girls to overcome fear, but I doubt seriously if it will do anything for me, in the way of being brave.' Then another cat chasing a mouse and upsetting a watering can, caused us to clasp each other in fright for a few seconds. If we could have gotten by without losing our hours, we would have left the tiny light burning for the next trip to fire the furnace."

"Kassie, I must say that was a man's work, and I believe I would have tried to find a new school for my training. Although I do know about those things."

"Well, the training was rugged, but it was worth it all to be doing the work I loved. I suppose the students could have made things more pleasant for the superintendent but every time she became very angry, whether it was with the doctors, nurses, or her husband, she would jingle a bunch of keys, I learned from the different jingle of those keys the mood she was going to be in when she reached the second floor. When I heard a certain jingle, I was very busy when she came into the room where I was working. For in one of those moods, enough work just could not be found for a student to do; and then there were times when she became so angry she would get sick, becoming cynotic, and have a few days in bed. One of the nurses, who was for all the fun she could get out of life, picked up the Super's beautiful starched cap and pitched it up and hit the ceiling and said,

'Gals, for a few days we have peace and quiet around here. The Super. is in for a brief illness, and during the rest she will plan a few new miseries for us, so enjoy yourselves now.'

"All of us felt the same way, but it was only she that put it in so many words. And when I went home on a vacation, I asked the folks to please be careful of jingling keys around me for I was getting in the habit of listening for them. Alert was getting to be a middle name for me. When Pat and I came down with measles, and were quarantined in the same room together—I was glad we were together, for our room was just around the corner from the white male ward, and just a few days before I took measles, a convict was brought in and placed in the ward. I don't know for what offence he was serving a prison term, but he had been working on the roads, in the vicinity, and happened to an accident. A piece of rock was imbedded in his skull, and had affected his mind. He had been very feeble and harmless, of course, the last time I had heard of him, until one night a girl friend had come into the room and had written a letter for Pat and me to our parents, and it was nice of her to see that we received our mail while we were in quarantine. When she left the room, I had turned my face to the wall on my side of the room, and Pat had done likewise on the opposite side. A knock on the door was answered by a 'Come in' by me, and slowly the door was opening. I wondered why the door was being so slowly, slowly opened and then I heard a mumbling. Pat and I sat up in bed about the same time—there was this convict, pushing the door further open and mumbling something about bells. He was staring blankly, his head was all bandaged, and he was wearing a hospital shirt, barely dragging one foot after the other. He looked terrible and my first impulse was to scream, but common sense and nurses' training was strong enough to control me: never yell at a patient, never upset a patient—keep calm at all times—and a half dozen other things flashed through my mind. I am sure that Pat must have been thinking some of the same things, as we both started talking very calmly to him at the same time, saying, 'Go back to your room, Mr. John, you are ill; go to your room and get back into your

bed.' Whether what we were saying to him was understood or not I will never know, but he turned and started dragging out as slowly as he had come in and still mumbling.

"Did he get well again, I mean did his mind get all right?"

"I really don't know. I never saw him again. Although I was out of quarantine in two weeks, on a Sunday morning, and I was told to go on duty that night. When I reported for duty I drew the task of sorting and counting all the linen that had been soiled Saturday and all day Sunday. Down in the dimly lighted basement all alone I counted linen, feeling weak from being ill, and so frightened that I was ready to jump at the least noise. Counting, counting, and watching and jumping, so when the automatic water heater turned on I thought of the convict that had come into my room and I jumped, hitting my head on a water pipe, practically knocking myself out. Oh, I just knew that convict John had hit me on the head. After completing the linen count, another unpleasant task confronted me, which was to dust all the Doctors' offices and put them in readiness for the morning. I felt as though I were alone in some foreign country. Not a soul to talk to in that part of the building at that time of the night. The Superintendent made sure that those jobs were done in the most lonely part of the night. There was one thing to be sure of and that was the Super. was in the habit of creeping around. I think she enjoyed seeing the students frightened. Still everyone has his faults, but there was no need of having so many. I thought of it that way for the time being. Oh, well! A silver lining to every dark cloud is my belief. So with all the trials and temptations at the training school, I really enjoyed the work, and the evenings when I was working the day shift I could enjoy the flowers and the lily pools in the back yard of the hospital. And, of course, that beautiful moon that shines so brightly. The nurses coming off duty, and lingering a while in the moonlight, sitting on the concrete benches to rest and breathe some of the precious fresh air that God has so wonderfully provided for us. Sometimes we would just sit and talk, and again we would sing. One of our favorites being Carolina Moon. Of course, that would be when the moon

was so pretty we just could not resist singing the lovely song."

"I remember several such evenings, myself. Yes, lovely evenings. But Kassie, I was always getting homesick."

"Oh, sure, there was homesickness to contend with. For over the week-ends we did not have to study and that gave us time to think more of home. But most of the students were able to ward off the homesick feeling by going on the short trips to the nearby mountains, with our dates, two or three of the girls going along together. We had wonderful times sight-seeing on those trips. And the mountain air was so good to breathe."

"Kassie, have you been lucky enough to see the mountains, when the dogwood, and red buds (or the Judas tree, as it is so often called), were in bloom? And of course you do have mountain laurel, dogwood and the red buds here in Georgia, but it is quite a treat to see them in bloom on the mountain side. Kassie, I saw the wild azaleas in bloom one year on the mountains, and a prettier sight does not exist. Entangled among the green laurels, and the long-leaf pines making a canopy over them—Nature in all its glory. How much more we should appreciate beauty. It really would help a smile to replace a frown and a down-on-the-world look. I feel that everyone has a blessing, regardless of how poor or poverty stricken. There are very few people who cannot afford a plant or two. Take the bouquet there on the table, the white spirea van houtti, the blossoms so dainty and the white is so pure, it really is more than one can grasp; enough to make any one stop and think: who made this beautiful flower? If the plant can obtain food, and grow into something to fill our hearts with joy, why cannot we grow as the pretty flower does, pure and enjoyable?"

"Jewel, that is meant to help to bring happiness to some unfortunate. Bring a smile to a sorrowing face. As you know, I am speaking of the home for the convalescent, and the aged. And I also wish to make room for the welfare babies, the little fellows that are not wanted in this world by the parents. To give them the start in life that God intended them to have. My heart would be full to overflowing,

if only my dreams and ambition for this home could be realized."

"Yes, Kassie, you are about to get me really interested in this home. I can vaguely see through the mist the old ladies, those that are physically able to sit on the veranda of the home, and knit, crochet or enjoy the scenery, and those confined to bed, have clean fresh beds on which to lie. Yes, I do believe you have a wonderful idea. I do hope that it materializes, for the remaining days of a few of our dear old people can be made happier."

"Surely there will be a way for me to accomplish this aim, before many more years pass," Kassie said.

"Yes, yes, surely," Jewel agreed.

"And getting back to my life in training for nursing.

"Before I left home for the hospital, Khase and I became engaged to be married, only after I had graduated from the nursing school. He agreed to wait, and foolish like, we were to be true blue to each other while I was away and I had not dated alone, for as I told you before two or three girls would go along when I went out driving with a friend."

"Well, did Khase stay true to you?" Jewel asked.

"He dated a girl, when he went to a party, then wrote and told me about it. Oh, sure, it made me angry, and a nice young fellow that had been a patient—my patient, had asked me for dates, but as you know we are not supposed to date patients. But this particular day I received the letter from Khase saying he had dated a girl, my patient was being dismissed from the hospital to go home, which was thirty or thirty-five miles away. Well, he asked me again just before he left the hospital for a date, and I thought Khase was dating and I should take the same privilege. Well, Earl was to come back the following weekend, and he did come back. He brought a lovely box of candy, and carried three of us girls for a drive into the mountains. Pat and Archie our very nice girl friends, took turns sitting on each other's lap, for the car was a coupe.

"The next date with Earl was made and I was going to ask the supervisor's permission to date this former patient. Oh, I felt positive that she would say it would be all right.

But how wrong I was! She said, 'Kassie, you know the rules here, that all the hours will be taken away from the students if you are caught dating patients.'

"Sure, the students would be very angry with me if such a thing should happen and, too, I did not want my hours thrown to the four winds. The only thing to do was to fill the date and try to explain the situation to him again. But try was all, for when I tried to explain, he became angry with me. We were driving along the highway close to the edge of town when he speeded up, and was exceeding the speed limit of the town. My heart felt as though it might be beating somewhere in my neck, and my mind was skipping to what might happen: Suppose the police picked us up for speeding and maybe put us in jail; then the Supervisor would know I had not heeded her warning, and all the girls would be angry about their hours. And perhaps I would just be kicked out of school completely. No, a tire went flat, and he had to pull into a garage to have it repaired. And we quarreled. He accused me of being afraid of my boy friend back home, and that I was a coward, and I need not worry about losing my hours as a student-nurse, as he intended to take me to California with him as his wife, and expected to go about the middle of the summer. He pleaded that the Supervisor did not have to know about our dating.

"Afterwards, the orderly brought me notes from Earl and one evening as I came off duty and proceeded to go to the nurses' home, who should be waiting there but this young fellow, parked close to the steps in his coupe.

He said: "'I'll be back in a few minutes, I am going to take my sister and cousin home, then I am coming back.'

"I wanted to tell two of my girl friends, who chatted of our daily experiences, but when I ran back to the room where they worked, I did not know that the old Super. had come back from her vacation, and was giving a demonstration. She was covered with towels and I did not see her, until I opened my mouth to tell Archie that Earl was coming for me to go driving. But I did not wait to ask her advice as to going with him. I dressed in my prettiest red dress with a tan yoke, and pinned a gold colored ribbon in my hair, and

of course Pat went along with us as I did rather like Earl and was sure I did not wish to be alone with him and maybe make a wild promise to go to California as his wife.

“Pat decided she wanted to go to a movie, but Earl wished to go driving as a beautiful moon was coming up and driving would be much more pleasant. Pat did go to the movie. She became angry and got out of the car down town and Earl and I went for the drive into the country.

“Earl talked of love and a little white cottage for us in the golden west. Oh, he pictured life as very beautiful for me and came very near convincing me as to the fact. But when the question arose as to whether I would give up this crazy idea of nursing, I felt nauseated. Here was love so close and a home pictured so vividly and still it seemed as though a knife had been plunged into my heart and all the life-giving blood was ebbing out of my body. No more nursing, the thing I had been striving for! Earl was parking beside the highway and suddenly I felt very, very cold even though it was a warm night in the latter part of June. And the beautiful harvest moon seemed to be blurred. Why did things have to happen like this? I was reprimanding myself for having given him the first date—Khase ought to have kept the secret of dating another girl until we had an opportunity to talk it over in person. All these things and many others were racing through my mind as Earl pulled me to him and kissed me. His lips were feverishly warm as they touched mine. When he picked up my icy hand in his he said, ‘Yes, you do love nursing better than me; Kassie, I will try to understand. I cannot get angry with you again. Perhaps it would be better if I could; that would help to ease the pain in my heart. May God bless you in your work.’ I shed a few tears as he brought the car back onto the highway. Our trip back to the nurses’ home, as you may imagine, was spent in silence. I could not think of anything to say, so he kissed me good night and departed out of my life.”

“Kassie, did you forget him very soon?”

“No. But as you know there is always something new happening at hospitals. The next morning when I went to work I was taking care of a patient in a private room, and

the babies were kept in the private rooms with the mothers. The ward babies were kept in a separate room to themselves. Anyway, I was bathing the infant in the private room, when I heard a noise and when I saw the horrified look on the mother's face, I turned around and poor old Aunt Sadie was coming in with the bed covers around her, holding them by the corners at the top and the remainder sweeping the floor as she walked. Her mind was infirm and she believed this baby belonged to her. She was grabbing for the child, and trying to hold on to the covers around her. Well, I was thankful that another nurse was looking for Aunt Sadie and took her off my hands. The poor thing had made the mistake of using too many unnecessary narcotics. She had been a pretty woman in time past, and I can still see her as she stood there: her hair was about half grey and her body was as frail as it could be. After that trouble was taken care of, I had a queer feeling that I should see about one of the ward babies, so covering up the infant that I was bathing I went in a trot to the ward to find baby Sammie had wiggled around and pulled a pillow over his face and was smothering. I gave him artificial respiration, throwing the fancy little pillow into the garbage can. Then I threw away every pillow that got into the babies' ward after that. Some loving relations gave the most of them; of course, they meant well, to dress up the tiny fellows. As you know, from one excitement to another there was not too much time to be moaning over one's woes. Then there was the fat lady which required the strength of three of us to lift her around; she never had any company, no living relation that we knew of. Almost all the nurses felt it their duty to be kind to her on every occasion. She fell off the bed one morning; I heard her when she hit the floor. I went running to see if she had been hurt, and she remarked as I went into the room, 'Miss Kassie, that is one way to get out of bed.'

"It was, indeed. But now the problem was how to easily get her back into bed. Three of the nurses decided if we would work together, count to three and all lift at the same time perhaps that would solve the problem. Dessa, the

patient, was an old maid school teacher, and had given all of the best years of her life to that service some years ago. In the last year or so her mind was getting feeble and she would talk at random. When we would get ready to lift her, she would say something funny, then we would get to laughing and weaken, and have to let go of her again. Well, when she was safely in bed, you can wager that the safety guards were placed on the bed-side."

"Yes, Kassie, I have had a few of the same kind of experiences myself. You have not spoken of a vacation—did you have one while you were in training?"

"Yes, Jewel, vacation was to be the downfall of my nursing career. Pat and I worked through the summer with the understanding that if we worked the vacation periods for the girls, sister and I might have our vacation the second week in August. The revival meeting at the church would be held and we had always attended the revivals and tried to do our share in the work. And too, we could see and be with all our friends.

"Pat came into the room one morning, where I was busy checking the linen for the supply room, and as I looked up at her the words came out: 'Well now who have you had a run in with? You look as if there might be a cloudburst any moment.' I put down the number of pillow cases I had counted and waited for her to explode over whatever was wrong.

She said, "'We have worked faithfully through all the summer and let the rest take their vacations, and now what do you think!'

"'I cannot imagine; Pat, is there another vacation for someone else? Tell me. Don't keep me waiting.'

"'No. Super. called me into the office and told me she was very sorry, but we both could not have our vacations at the same time.'

"'Pat, she promised us faithfully,' I interrupted. 'She can't do this to us.'

"'Yes, that is what I told her, too,' Pat answered.

"'And what did she say?'" Kassie asked.

"She became angry and said she was managing this hospital and we would take our vacation when *she* said so.

"Jewel, knowing Pat as I did, I stood there biting my lips and wishing she would continue to tell me the details, and yet I was afraid of the results. Then I asked, 'Pat, what did you tell her?'

" 'Well, after I told her how I felt about the way she had treated us, that we came here together and we were leaving together the second week in August for our vacation, one way or the other.'

" 'Pat, what have you done? You know the rules, if we leave training here.'

" 'Sure. I know the rules,' Pat said. 'What of it? Again I wonder why I let you talk me into this mess.'

"I felt the hot tears stinging my eyes. I thought, well, what is the use, knowing that Pat would tell Father everything when we got home, and that would be final—no more nurse's training. Father was making exceedingly good money with the plantation, for there had been many acres added to the little farm we started out with; and there was the sawmill being very profitable and he owned all his hauling trucks.

"I could almost hear the argument: that 'there is no need for you girls to work out. There is plenty of work to oversee here on the plantation.' Pat was a marvel at getting work out of the colored help. And there were the colored women to oversee. Now Father could well afford to pay us for this help, or give us a liberal weekly allowance.

"Again I could see my dreams shattered. I spent most of the night in tears. Sleep refused to come to relieve me of the miserable thoughts that were going through my mind. I eventually came to the conclusion that there was another week yet, perhaps some good fortune would come my way. But no, the Super. was angry and this last week was full of woes.

"The Super. came in one morning and said, 'Kassie, report to the colored ward this morning. The male ward. You will have two men to nurse, that have just come in, and

when that is finished do the regular work you have been doing.'

"She had a spiteful way of turning up her nose, when she was trying to hurt some of the students. I did not argue with her. I kept thinking: if only I might be able to endure her training, some day maybe by chance I could treat student nurses as they were treated in most places. I know now she had no place among the angels of mercy.

"Well, when I arrived in the colored ward I found Pat nursing the colored patients also. That was the orderly's job every morning. I remember the orderly saying to us as he gathered up the trays that morning, 'I sho' is sorry dat Super. sho ain't gwine have no home in hebbin iffen she don't quit her sininn', sho nuff, Miss Kassie.'

"That evening Pat came into our room and started packing the trunks and I began packing, too, for I well knew it would be hopeless for me to try to stay for two reasons, and they were the Super. and Father. Well, I cried some more and decided I would go home and get married and forget about nursing, I had been so disappointed almost every way I had turned in trying to be a R.N. Anyway, this handsome fellow was waiting for me and we had forgiven each other for dating, Earl and Addie, and I knew it was not true love I had felt for Earl, just an infatuation, although after I went home I received a few letters from him. Previously in the story I told you he had departed out of my life; as for me, he had, though as I said, I did think well of him. I wrote him I was marrying the boy friend at home.

"Sister and I arrived home a day ahead of schedule and Mother had employed the help of three or four maids to get everything fixed just right for us. Oh, they were cooking and cleaning. Pat and I had stayed overnight with an Uncle and Aunt on our way home, so we felt refreshed after a wonderful supper and a good night's rest. After greetings at home we put on our aprons and went to the kitchen where the cooking was going on. We cooked our favorite pies, custards and cakes. We figured that six sweet potato, six old-fashioned egg custards and my favorite coconut cake

with Pat's chocolate cake would do to serve some of the young people who would be dropping in to see us, so after we did all the cooking we wished to do we left the kitchen to the maids.

"Father was in for lunch and everything went along smoothly. He was surprised to see us home a little early and we talked through the meal. Kay, my youngest sister, and the only brother Ray, were busy asking questions and also getting us acquainted with the latest events around the neighborhood.

"At the evening meal, the family was seated around the table and Pat began to tell about our training days and the tasks set before us. Father sat there with his fork half raised to his mouth with the food that he was going to eat. Pat was telling about having to fire the furnace and the big shovels we had to lift full of coal, and having to go to the basement in the inky darkness of night without any protection. Oh, I saw the anger rising. I wanted so much for Pat to quit talking, but she went on to tell how we were treated about our vacation, and that if Mother and Dad had not sent us food, ham, sausage, cake and other foods, we would have starved. Father was getting angrier as Pat continued to tell that we had to nurse the colored men. Father's eyes were getting bigger and bigger and so angry he quit eating. He stormed out, 'Your training days are over *here and now*—why that witch; why didn't you have brains enough to come home before now? I am thoroughly disgusted with you!'

"I knew now that I was facing reality. My beautiful dreams snatched away—all that for which I had studied so tirelessly. I could still hear our friends say as we left the hospital among the good-bys, 'Don't give up your profession; try somewhere else. You have gone through the worst part of it.' We had learned the routine of the hospital and had made a host of friends. I felt as if I were choking, and the rest of me was dying.

"Pat did everything to help me forget. We went to parties among the neighborhood young people, and I enjoyed all of them. But there was an emptiness. I could not be

happy so one day I asked Pat what she thought about asking the Super. to take us back and let us finish our training. Her reply was that she would rather die than to go back and work herself to death for her; but for my sake we would go to the hospital close to home and try to enter. We honestly told that we had been in training before, and that it was against the rules to enter another training school, after starting in one.

“Now that was settled. No more training. My pillow was wet with tears that night, my heart broken.

“With the dawn of another day I knew that nursing must be forgotten, and I made up my mind to tell Khase that I was ready to settle down. He had been waiting for me to finish the training and now all that was over—why wait?

“Mother helped me to cut and sew my wedding dress; it was a beautiful blue, and of a lovely material. I wished to be married at home, a quiet wedding in the parlor, with the altar before the fireplace and the room filled with flowers.

“My great-grandmother, two Grandmothers and my Mother were seated in a row, but Father would not come into the room to see me married. Pat played the wedding march, and sang very sweetly, ‘I Love You Truly.’ The window blinds were drawn, and the lighted candles were giving forth their soft glow of light as I walked to the altar to meet the handsome young man of my choice, but there was a vacant place in my heart, a place for the profession of nursing making me feel as if a sob were going to escape my lips. I wanted to feel ashamed—ashamed that I could not blot out the burning desire in my heart, even as the sacred vows were spoken. But no, I could not get away from the vision of a slender girl in a pure white uniform and the cherished cap, doing the work that only a born nurse can do; I knew, however, that I must lock this empty room and seal up the secret therein, if my marriage was to be a success. Yes, and throw away the key to the lock.

“The Minister that married Khase and me also baptized me and was my high school teacher for three years. He was very fatherly to me and I thought perhaps it would

help to have a talk with him over the matter. He had written a very sweet letter and good advice when I was in training. That was one of the times when I felt that some of the things I was told to do were most unbearable. He had written that he was happy to hear that I was attending Church and that would be a great help to me, for the soul needed medicine as well as the body. Not to let trifles stand in the way . . . and to stand true to the most exalted . . . Surely everything would come out right. He wrote:

“ ‘Katharine, sincere prayer is answered. Not every time according to the way we plan. But for the better even though we do not understand at the time. Do not forget to pray.’

Jewel said, “ ‘A very sweet letter and good advice. Yes, indeed Kassie’.” Kassie continued, “Khase and I lived in the house with his parents for a while and they seemed to be very happy to have us with them.

“A great crowd of people serenaded us, as Khase was well liked by the people of his home town. Everyone seemed anxious to help us along. We were married during the depression when work was scarce and wages worse. Some one suggested that I solicit orders among the neighbors for The Jones Co., which was doing a fairly good business in this little town, and I thought a set of dishes would be a wonderful premium to receive for the pleasant work of a few hours calling on our friends. Every one seemed eager to order something to help build the amount that I needed to get the dishes. They were beautiful, and I was so proud of the fact that I had worked for them. The ladies’ missionary society from one of the churches gave us a shower from which we received many useful things; my sister-in-law also gave a shower for us and we were well blessed with a number of items needed to start keeping house. I was trying ever so much to be an extra good wife. I felt sure I would forget nursing if I kept busy doing things for the home and making friends; but in making friends there were those that had illness in the family sometimes, and perhaps there would be an invalid mother or father or some other member of the family; then there were the everyday accidents

that occur and I was called on because I had the nurses' training therefor and I could not resist doing what I had been trained to do in every case, so the urge to nurse would seep back into my heart, no matter how much I fought against it. I knew to try to ignore the ill and helpless would be as useless as beating against a stone wall with my bare fist.

"Work was getting so bad we decided to move back close enough to my home for Khase to work for my Father hauling lumber with one of the lumber trucks. Wages would not be very good; but there must be money on which to live; also there was to be a baby not so many months away, so we moved close to a canning plant where I found work, preparing peas. The work was not bad at all, for I could sit for ten hours, if I chose to do so. The little extra money I earned was spent for the clothes for the expected baby, and the Aunt I previously told you about, who was always taking out the hems of my dresses when I stayed with her to go to school, helped me to do the sewing for the first child; she was a grand seamstress, so the tiny little things were beautiful. I was thrilled as I anxiously awaited the advent of the baby. I wanted a girl, but when the big healthy nine pound baby boy was born, I was very, very happy: now I had something to occupy *all* my time—husband, home, and a beautiful baby. I had plenty of work, now to forget nursing was all I had to do to be happy.

Khase came home one evening and told me that we would be moving to the Shoals, and I was glad, for the Shoals was a pretty place to live, just a very small place, with surrounding hills, a river, and a dam, for scenery and a cotton gin, grist mill, general store, blacksmith shop, and a little white church to inspire righteous living.

"Good neighbors, white and colored, lived in this little town. The deep well, in my yard, furnished the store and many of the families in the neighborhood with icy-cold water, and I made friends very quickly as everyone that came for water had something friendly to say.

"One of my very close neighbors was a young girl with two smaller sisters, living with their grandfather who ran

the general store and the children kept house for him. The oldest girl knew how to sew, so we spent many hours sewing and learning to cook from new recipes, fancy cookies being our specialty. Oh, I did enjoy that.

“Time for preparing for spring gardens, sowing flower seeds, and rooting plant cuttings to beautify the home for the long summer months ahead. As fine a garden as I ever worked in grew there close by the river, then one sultry afternoon the dark clouds began to gather and in a short time a serious electrical storm was in progress, playing havoc with crops, and hail as large as goose eggs fell thick and fast. After the storm enough hailstones were gathered to furnish ice from Monday through Wednesday, the ice being placed in a box covered with a cloth. I have never seen the like of it before or since.

“How about the gardens?” Jewel asked. “I suppose they were ruined too.”

“Yes, but as you know garden seasons are long here in the south and most things were planted again and did well enough.

“I had been living in this vicinity long enough for people to know my nursing ability and it was from bandaging Tommie’s cuts and bruises, to helping deliver the neighborhood babies.

“Here again the urge to nurse had closed in about me. The smell of chloroform was perfume to my nostrils; walking into a drugstore permeated with the smell of medicine made me feel wild to get back into my uniform again, while there was beginning to be nights when the tears would steal out to dampen my pillow and sleep coming to me in the wee hours of the night.

“Perhaps if there was another child, I could not find time to help other people in their ills and stay away from things that brought memories so close. I thought that might help me to forget. So very soon a second child was on the way into the world. And about three months in pregnancy I was called to nurse one of my Grandmothers. She was very ill; Pat nursed her part of the time and I nursed the rest of the time. I experienced a torture which I cannot ex-

plain. I constantly thought of the child that was to come into the world, and how I prayed for it to be a girl, and to be a born nurse when it grew up, to fill the vacant place in the nursing profession which I had to relinquish."

"Well, Kassie, the child was a girl, now a young lady; how does *she* feel about nursing?" Jewel interrupted.

"Jewel, not so many days ago, she expressed an earnest desire to study for the work to become a missionary."

"That is wonderful, Kassie. How did you receive the news this blow dealt?" Jewel asked.

"Of course, I was terribly disappointed; but that is just one more disappointment to mark on the list for me.

"She is another person with her own life to live, so my prayer is for her to make the most of it. If missionary work is her calling, may she be a full-fledged one—never let there be a thought attributed to me as standing in her way."

"Really, Kassie, it is most unbelievable for you to speak so calmly after the many years of secretly hoping and trusting that she would want to be a nurse; still, as you say, the list of disappointments in your life assists you to see the need of giving motherly advice, and let her take her place in the life she feels she is called to live. A twisted life is so often wasted. I am glad you can so well see ahead."

Kassie continued: "This child was a beautiful baby. Black hair, brown eyes and a very pleasant disposition; she seldom cried, and was never selfish with her toys. The old negro mammy who lived at the foot of the hill below me and who, as long as her health permitted, would climb the long hill to my house to see the little white doll-baby as she called her.

"Late into the summer of that year, this poor negro, Mary, was very feeble and she would send one of the colored girls to inquire about the baby. She begged me to please bring the child for her to see; this I did several times before she passed away. A nurse has the urge to help in illness, regardless of color, creed, or race. And there is just no getting away from it.

"One evening as I had watched the sun sink slowly in the west and dusk had settled over the countryside, I sat holding my baby girl on my lap talking with my husband of the

day's activities, which were usually the same, except the days we went fishing, some of the ladies coming by in a wagon and asking me to go fishing with them, and it was seldom I refused to go.

"Getting back to this particular evening: as I sat there in the cool of the evening, I heard screams coming from Mary's cabin; knowing that she was getting more feeble each day and expecting her to draw the last breath almost any time, I had made a hurried trip to the cabin about noon that day to carry a tray of food for her, as all the younger colored people were away at work. I must say here that back in the time I am speaking of, a job had to be taken care of, because wages were meager. Anyway, when I heard the screaming I jumped from my chair and placed the baby on my husband's lap and raced down to the cabin across the pasture land. I arrived practically out of breath from running the distance, and I found the faithful old negro mammy gasping for breath. The room so full of colored people that I feel sure there was not an atom of fresh air in the whole house much less in that room. When I went through the door of the little cabin, a hush came over the room and the colored people backed against the wall that I might pass by to the bed. They no longer felt afraid. They knew I was a nurse and waited for me to tell them what to do; and the first thing was to ask for a straight-back chair and a pillow, while two negro men raised the patient to rest against the back of the chair placed in the bed, of course the pillow made a back-rest for her, then the thick board blinds were pushed back from the windows to let in the needed fresh air.

"Mary began to breathe easier as the fresh air came in and because of the way she was propped up in the bed. She looked at me with appreciation in her eyes, although she could not thank me in words. As I started to leave I left instructions as to what to do and above all things not so many to gather in her room at one time, and to keep the window blinds open, and I was surprised to find that they had been kept open all the rest of that night. Mary lived several days and enjoyed the simple dishes of food I pre-

pared for her, for which I had been well paid, as she had looked after the children when I had gone fishing, and never expected more than the clothing that I gave to her and her family."

"Back a few years ago the colored people really had to depend on help, did they not?" Jewel asked.

"Yes," Kassie replied. "Work was difficult to get and pay very little, as I said before; every penny of the dollar had to be accounted for among the laboring class of people, regardless of color."

Kassie continued: "For about two years, Khase had to struggle for enough money to keep out of debt. He took care of the cotton gin, and did carpenter work and clerked in the general store all the extra time he could get.

"Well, we would move again: work at the Shoals was not as plentiful as it had been and something had to be done, so we moved back to one of Father's farms, and we were going to try to make a better living by Khase hauling lumber for Father again and hiring a wage hand to farm for us. I felt happy for I knew how Father had started out so poor and had made a small fortune in a few years; but for us the wage hand proved so sorry Khase had to give up hauling lumber and do the work on the farm himself. I also went to the field every day with the two children to help in planting the cotton, corn, peanuts, peas and all the work pertaining to the farm. How I hated to find myself picking cotton again! I would think of the day I started away for nurses' training—how sure I was that my cotton-picking days were over. I loved my family very dearly and wanted us to get on in life before the children were old enough to realize what it meant to be so poor. To this end I would try to work all the more to put aside meager earnings, but there was always something to pay for to take all the tiny savings I could manage to get from selling eggs and cream off the farm. Then my darling little girl took sick with whooping cough, and an intestinal disease. My Father fairly worshiped the child and when he found her so ill he rushed her to the hospital as we did not have a way of transportation. I stayed with her for two weeks and two days and I

asked God to spare her, I vowing to try and bring her up for His use. As I watched the signs of life coming back little by little, I thought of Father wanting her to be a movie star, although when I was growing up he was so against going to shows. Now I wondered if it was wrong for him to wish so much vanity upon her.

“When time came that she was well enough to want to be up again, there was the job of learning to walk all over again.

“Now that my baby was getting well, and I could see how far we were behind with the farm work, I felt ill myself. Chop cotton, pick cotton. And the boll weevil making a nuisance of itself; and staying there at the hospital smelling whiffs of ether and seeing the white uniforms as they were worn with so much dignity, darting in the door and out again with trays of medicine to make some one well and to ease the suffering of others, so when I looked out of the window at the long rows of growing vegetation that any farmer should have been proud of, I felt the sobs stopping in my throat and threatening to choke me! How much longer would I be able to endure being haunted by the profession of nursing?

“The cotton had to be picked if we were to reap the few measly dollars so badly needed, regardless of how I felt about my life. I suppose I should have been thankful for the tiny bit of luck coming our way that fall, for the owner of the cotton gin needed Khase to take care of ginning and we were furnished plenty of colored help in exchange for his work at the gin and so of course I had to go to the field, and carry my babies, to see that the cotton was picked clean. Then at the close of the day I had to weigh in all that had been picked and keep the time for all of them.

“The last year of our farming was nothing short of a nightmare. We had schemed to save enough money to buy our own mule and wagon. We thought progress was being made; for with our own mule and wagon we could haul our produce into town without having to pay toll, and that would save several pennys.

“The mule proved to be about the most stubborn one in

the State of Georgia. She would run away without the slightest notice and jump creeks of water, and we would have to give chase a half day at the time to catch and hitch her to the plow; again then there were times when we would be able to catch her, and suddenly she decided to just stand still and not budge one inch.

“Now that we had a way of transportation, with the mule and wagon, we were expected to be at Sunday School every Sunday.

“One Sunday morning we dressed in our very best clothes and started out to church in the wagon. We had renamed the mule Panic as we thought she had earned it. And this pretty morning after a heavy rain had fallen the day before and washed the countryside clean, and the air smelled fresh and good, and the creeks were swollen and muddy, Panic started out on very good behavior. I thought this must be her very best Sunday manners. Clip, clip, clippety-clip, sounded like music to my ears. Then the creek, it was not very deep, and Panic went wading in, and toward the middle of the stream she decided to jump over the rest of the way, but she jumped only far enough to jerk me out of the back of the wagon, setting me down flat in the muddy water! I felt angry enough to shoot her on the spot! I got back into the wagon, and the mule decided to stand there in the water. Khase used the whip, but Panic would merely wiggle her ears, and then kick at the wagon. After so long a time it got funny to me. Khase finally got so disgusted with her he rolled his Sunday trousers legs above the knees and waded in the creek and tried to coax her by leading her, but no, she did not wish to go at all. Khase told me to take the whip and give her a stripe or two, to get her started and he would lead her to the other side and turn around to go back home. I relished the idea of giving her a stripe or two. Yet when I gave her the first one, she made an unexpected leap for the other side and left Khase sitting in the muddy water. Well, we got turned around then Panic crossed the stream of water and headed for home in her best manners again.”

“Kassie, did you sell her when you left the farm?” Jewel asked.

“Yes,” Kassie replied. “She was sold at auction. And we got all we paid for her and more. She was sleek and fat and a very pretty animal as far as mules are concerned, in my view.

“The last year on the farm we raised a very profitable crop of peas, and Mother helped me by taking care of my two children a lot of the time and I was free to be of help in picking peas.

“The thought of the money we had made clear on the crop of peas had helped me to want to stay on the farm as I had a very pretty place to live in the country. I had planted shrubbery and Khase had sealed the house and enlarged the kitchen, and purchased wire from a mail order house to fence in pasture land. Khase had intended to buy the farm from Father ever since the time we had moved there, for Father had more land now than he knew what to do with; but he came by one day on his way home from town and told me he would not sell the place, but that he had gotten a good job for Khase in town, stating that one of my sisters and her husband wanted the farm if we moved.

“I felt so angry; I knew we were being pushed out of our farm home—that was how I felt at the time. Father carried our family home with him that evening. I did not wish to go because I was hurt very deeply over what had been said.

“The next morning, my Mother asked me if Khase was going to take the job that Pa had gotten for him. I started crying and saying that we did not have any choice. Sure we would get out so sister could have the home that we had so faithfully worked with. I had set out fruit trees, and all the flowers made the home look like an old-fashioned painting.

“Mother tried to reason with me, but I could not see the point she was trying to argue. Father was only trying to make work less for me by wanting Khase to take a job in town. And he did take a fairly good paying job with a builders supply company, and as I got everything ready to move, taking down curtains and packing different items carefully and shedding tears most of the time, feeling sorry for my-

self, and going back over the days when I was in training. How silly it all seems to me now, and if I could have seen into the future, how I would have fought to do the thing I wanted to do most of all in life!

“Moving over again, and into a nice roomy house, with a wonderful garden spot during that summer from which I canned three hundred cans of vegetables and took in sewing for extra money, and in the fall I picked out pecan kernals and that brought in extra pennies or exchanged them for merchandise in the store. With all the different work to do I got through the year well enough. But the next spring I began to grow miserable thinking of the uniform. Pat was working for a doctor and told me she was going to start work in the hospital near home as an undergraduate.

“I would fall asleep at night to dream of being in my uniform—and the disappointment when I awoke to find another day of housekeeping!

“If Pat was going to the hospital to work why shouldn't I try for the job she had here in town? I applied for it and went to nursing very soon. Mother cared for the children until I could find a maid for them.

“Doctor K. told me he certainly was in need of a nurse to help with his surgical patients. So many of them were too poor to afford hospital care, and yet there had to be operations done in the homes.

“An idea was beginning to form in my mind as he talked: Why could I not be the nurse to help in those cases?

“He went on to say that there were two R.N.'s to help with the operations, but a nurse was needed to stay with a patient for a while after an operation and then it was necessary in some cases for a nurse to stay for two or three weeks at a time.

“You know I was thrilled when he voiced his approval of my fixing up a room in my home to take care of such cases as might be able to come there for an operation and not costing out of reason for the service. Ah! How happy I was—uniform, cap, helping the needy—and the smell of ether again! Oh, I had lots and lots of patients to

tell me they appreciated the idea of the hospital room in my home.

“Many times we were so rushed, and then again several days would elapse without a patient. I would get the house all refreshed with clean curtains, and all clean linen during those days.

“Doctor K. had purchased a motor to generate electricity for lights and when we had a case of operating out in the rural district where only kerosene lamps were afforded he carried the motor along and good lighting was to be had in a very few minutes. The operating table and the motor were regular equipment in Doctor K.’s car.

“The Two R.N.’s, Doctor K. and I would travel for many miles into several counties to perform operations in the homes and, of course, I was an undergraduate; because of that, I had to endure the sting of being in second place. Nevertheless, Doctor K. assured me that I was capable of doing the work of any of the R.N.’s he had assisting him. Jewel, I do not mean by that to sound like a braggart, I’m not boasting; it is only that the wound in my heart healed leaving such a deep scar when I was taken out of nurses’ training that I feel I was cheated out of my rights.

“After an operation was over, the two R.N.’s and Doctor K. would return home; however the undergraduate was trusted to administer hypodermics and pain pills. It was necessary at times for me to depend upon my training and rely upon my own knowledge in cases of an emergency, being without any means of communicating with the doctor in many instances, trusting in God to guide me. I believe nursing patients, when God was the only one to help, caused me to live closer to and depend on Him.

“I well remember the case of a man well up in his years. He and his good wife lived very far in the deep pine forest with an invalid son, who had had an unfortunate accident on a hunting trip in his early years. He did not speak more than a few words in the course of a day, and his mother, being old and feeble, I was rather lonely.

“The old gentleman was operated on and was doing

excellently, so I planned to stay one week if he continued to improve.

“One afternoon I decided that the patient was doing fine and as I had been on duty day and night with him, and he being heavy to lift around, I was getting somewhat tired, so I took a hasty sponge bath in the wash basin out in the kitchen and lay down across a bed to catch a few winks of sleep, after telling his wife to awaken me if I was needed. It was a hot, sultry, sticky afternoon; even the crickets that had kept me company, especially at night, had quit their chirping. I felt a storm must be in the making and I thought perhaps it would hit later in the evening or around midnight, so an hour or two of sleep would help to keep me calm. I cannot quite explain the loneliness I felt as I dropped off to sleep.

“Aunt Minnie (as I called the lady of the house while I stayed there), called me at dusk, all having gone well up to this time. She told me that Joe, her husband, was talking very queerly and that I had better get up and see what was wrong with him. I arose and hastily put on a fresh uniform. One glimpse at the patient told me he was a very ill man. Doctor K. was not due to call again for another day, and there was neither a neighbor, telephone, nor any way of transportation even if there had been some one to send for help; and, too, the storm was making progress. The heat-lightning was beginning to look serious, and thunder was being heard getting close.

“Mr. Joe was delirious. He was raving that he was being killed. He thought some one had taken out a lot of insurance on him and was trying to kill him. I was the only one to do anything for him, and the task of trying to keep him in bed was getting beyond my power, while the electrical storm had broken in all its fury, rain coming in gusts, with the wind, the lightning flashing across the sky lighting up the outside.

“Aunt Minnie, being exhausted, had laid down across another bed in the room with the patient. I eventually succeeded in giving the patient an injection—but how he fought me, thinking I was trying to kill him! After the storm sub-

sided and the patient had quieted down and went to sleep I stepped outside the door for a breath of fresh air, and to ask God to have mercy on this very ill man and for guidance for myself.

“After I had prayed, I looked up into the sky to see a beautiful moon beginning to shine through the remaining broken clouds of the storm that had rained itself out or had passed on to somewhere else. Tears gathered in my eyes as I felt that God was looking down upon His children and seeing their needs just as surely as the beautiful moon was shining through the clouds.

“I went back into the room feeling better and the patient was somewhat improved when he awoke. I spent seventy-two hours watching, waiting and praying. Doctor K. did not get back on the day expected, but when he did make another visit Mr. Joe was out of danger. The Doctor looked over the patient’s chart then patted me on the shoulder, saying: ‘Kassie, I firmly believe only prayer has kept this man alive. If I could have known the condition of his appendix before the operation, I would not have taken the chance of sticking a knife in his belly to remove it.’

“I stayed with the patient eighteen days, so Doctor K. gave me leave to go home and rest for a while, as there was a delivery case coming up for me to take care of in my home.

“My husband was being very patient, and was trying to appear happy that I was engaged in the work which I loved. He told me many times that he was sorry I did not get to continue my training and graduate as a R.N. I thought he thoroughly understood my great disappointment, so I would not have to worry about him getting restless for me to settle down and devote all my time to housekeeping. He always tried to help with the children, and many times he also saw that the maid kept the hospital room spick and span, as in this case.

“The patient and the new baby were to stay in my home for fourteen days; but the time had to be shortened two days and the patient sent home because of another emergency operation. A young girl required an operation at

once, so Doctor K. sent word for me to be ready to go in an hour's time. It surely was very nice for Khase to see that the maid did the cleaning of the room for me.

"Doctor K., the two R.N.'s and the circulating nurse, which was myself, arrived at the home of the patient shortly after noon and immediately performed a successful operation.

"The young patient lived with an older brother and family consisting of a wife and a nine-month-old baby. This family had moved on a farm to work as share-croppers; they had plenty to eat, such as peas, pork, and corn for making corn meal, all of it being stored in one room of the house.

"Unfortunate events had kept this family very poor. We had operated on the brother of this patient only one year previously, and there was now the added expenses of the new baby on the farm before moving on this one. The landlord was generous in helping himself to more than was due him; so now there was a new doctor's bill confronting them, which could not be paid until crops were harvested. Anyway, the women folk had worked faithfully in the fields, but the house was given little attention. There were no chairs to sit on at the table where meals were eaten so we sat on nail-kegs, and drank coffee from bowls, because they did not have cups and saucers.

"The two bedrooms consisted of one double bed and a single bed. The patient slept on the single bed and the wife, baby and I slept on the double bed, the man sleeping across the hall. Anyway the baby kept me wet, the bedbugs kept me awake. I often wondered why I had to keep working as a nurse when I had a good, comfortable bed to sleep on at home. But I believe I do see why now, as I contemplate the convalescents' home I am striving to build; surely God intended for me to see the need, and to go through the hardships and suffering with the poverty-stricken as well as the very wealthy so I could see the necessity of a home of this kind.

"I have suffered heartaches from idle gossipers, who would say that I must be crazy to work in such homes as

some of the poorer class of people I have nursed, having such a wonderful husband, and children—remarks that cut me to my heart.

“How I prayed for guidance, and for God to keep my family safe while I was away; surely He must have heard my pleas, for I certainly have three healthy, robust youngsters, two of whom are entering the adult stage of life, and a small baby.

“I have nursed charity cases, where there was not one penny that could be offered in payment for services rendered; in others I have been paid for my work in peas, beans, meal, and chickens—wages were very low, so an undergraduate nurse was one of those who received small wages. Not only the duties of a nurse had to be performed in many cases, for I have had to cook for the family, mop kitchens, bathe children, and perform countless other tasks that confronted me in many of the homes.

“One charity case provoked me, yet it wrings my heart-strings to think of it. Everyone’s downfall is caused by some one’s carelessness or greed. And just a word to lift up one’s life, or to make it easier would take such a fraction of time.

“Spring of the year was here again and Mother Earth was bringing forth her beautiful flowers and adorning green dress. As I was coming home, counting the blessings of the privilege to live in the beauty of the spring time, I must see if the tulips and the hyacinths were being taken care of; several bulbs had been planted last fall and they should be a pretty sight in early spring. My mind wandered back to the thirteen-year-old boy that I had left that day. He had been very ill. He came of a family that had a nice home and there were plants and shrubs to grace the lawn. I was paid in cash for my services on that job—the money being in my uniform pocket. That boy had many blessings: Christian parents, a room and bed all his own. Ah, it made the air smell sweeter as I breathed to think of this cleanly home of love. But as I reached home there was Doctor K. waiting for me to get home and don a fresh uniform—an emergency case; the two R.N.’s were ready in the car, the motor for generat-

ing light, and the operating table; I knew it was to be a rural district case.

“I scribbled a note to be given to Khase, and off to operate again.

“Doctor K. cleared his throat, as was his habit when there was unpleasant news to break to us. He began, ‘Girls, this is a charity case, and there will not be any money for us. This place is going to be very filthy, and you have not been in one that is as poverty-stricken as this.’ So I asked Doctor K. to stop in a little village that I might buy a sack of apples to eat, for if the place was to be as bad as he said, eating would be difficult for me.

“We arrived at the place they called home. It was a two-room cabin with shutter windows, and a porch decayed to the extent of caving in; picking careful steps to enter the room where the patient was we saw just beyond the doorway, on the floor, a deformed child—I thought it was a child but later learned the poor wreck of humanity was more than twenty years of age. The filthy, ragged quilt beneath him served as a bed day and night; on the other side of the doorway was an old-fashioned bed covered by a dirty patch-work quilt. There were no sheets to be used on the patient’s bed, nor on the old-fashioned bed where the poor, wasted body of the father of the family lay. I don’t think he ever knew that we were there or what was going on. Doctor K. later told me the father at one time had worked very hard for his family; that he had no education whatsoever therefore shrewd and greedy landlords had made him their prey. Two girls and a host of boys, the mother and a grandmother made up the family.

“I am getting ahead of the story. The patient we went to operate on was a young girl about sixteen years of age, and a beautiful girl, with even white teeth, lay clutching at a quilt and gritting her teeth in pain. Her bed was of metal, and filthy as it could be—she had made a mistake, and her sister’s husband was the father of her baby.

“The infant had been dead for quite a while and the operation was the last resort to save her life. The generator was set up so the lights were ready as the operating table

was being prepared. We needed another cover of some kind to place over the patient so I went into the kitchen and asked the mother where I could get a cover for her. She walked over to a manger that was filled with pine needles and shucks (corn husk). This manger, built along the side of the wall, served as a bed for the grandmother and the rest of the children. The mother handed me a filthy piece of blanket with which to cover the patient. We had to leave the door open to keep from suffocating from the odor of urine and filth in the house. This girl's sister had left the house weeping; she had married and tried to keep a decent house; she wanted to live better than the family was trying to live. Her dress was rough dried, but clean, then her husband got her sister pregnant. We could hear her screaming as she went down close to the creek in a grove of wild plum trees, while her husband was run away from the door several times. He would be standing there looking as we were operating. Doctor K. eventually got so angry with him that the last time he was run away we did not see him the rest of the evening, but one time I saw eyes peering at us through some big cracks in the wall from the inside of a pantry or closet of some kind.

“I felt nauseated, not only from the penetrating odor of the filthy foom. I kept asking myself why . . . why . . . why do such things happen? People falling below the standard of dogs that roam the alleys! Here, this mother was letting these young children see what was going on in the operating room! While the father had been ill over a long period of time, no doubt but that the condition of the family contributed to his ill health, going from bad to worse each year. I told Doctor K. I would go get some sanitary bed clothes to put on the beds, but he said, ‘My dear girl, that would only be a waste of your money. The county has tried to help, and a charity or two had tried giving them sheets and clothing only to have them worn to shreds without any of them ever being washed. These people are beyond helping; I have administered medicine and given of my time to this family, and I feel that I am in a position to say what I have just said. In addition to add to the bitterness of being cheated

out of his daily wages, or share in the crops, this man married a slovenly woman whose grandmother was once a neat, clean woman; she lived in the cabin several miles up the road where, each year, she planted flowers around the cabin, and in blooming seasons it looked as though it had been lifted and dropped into the middle of a flower garden, but now she has to beg for stale bread and cakes from a truck that passes through the district once a week.'

"Jewel, the day we were there the old grandmother came in bringing something in a gunny sack on her back. Doctor K. informed me that she had met the truck over at the forks of the road. He told me all this as we were going home. That night, when I tried to close my eyes and sleep, I could still see the mattress on that bed made of burlap sacks and stuffed with corn husk, with old dress shirts spread out for a sheet. I have often wondered where those dress shirts came from, as I did not notice any of the three carry in a bundle as we went in. I left there the sack of apples that I had taken along, the good doctor laughingly stated he knew I was not going to remain with this patient any longer than the rest of them stayed, and that was only until the patient reacted.

"I felt ill for two or three days after this which made Khase so disgusted that he said he thought such things would give me my fill of nursing. He would say, 'Dad-blame it, Kassie, let people help themselves; I want you at home.'

"I had laughed at him one time, which made him real angry. It happened in this way: I went on a case a long distance into the country, expecting to return home with the doctor on his next visit, but the patient had taken a sudden turn for the worse and I was asked to remain for a few more days. The children in this home had asked a lot of questions about my children, and wanted to give them a half-grown kitten, which was as black as night, so when Doctor K. started home the children persuaded him to carry the black kitten home for me, so when Doctor K. drove up to my home, Khase came out to meet me—I had been gone for several days—and when he got close to the

car and saw I was not in it, the doctor said, 'Well, Khase, now this is a H— of a note, expecting your wife home, but instead she sent you a black cat.' He thoroughly enjoyed teasing Khase, and later when I laughed at him too, he got angry and wanted me to quit nursing then and there.

"Well, now, that this interference had started again the restlessness for me to stay home, it would only be a matter of time until the entire family would be persuading me to give up this foolishness of nursing as they called it, and I could already sense the tension building up around me, which disturbed me very much. I would try, all over again, to weigh the question in the balance: My family, were they receiving an injustice? Here is the argument that went on in my mind—they had nourishing food, good clothes, healthy bodies, clean beds, an exceptionally good maid to care for them; then I would argue the fact with myself that the maid could not give them a mother's love; which was certainly true enough, though sometimes I wonder as I look around me if too much of mother's love can be a handicap in later years to a person's life. Oh, don't get me wrong. A child must have love to properly develop its life is my belief. But what is love? The age-old word—love! Just how large an area does the word cover? Then the word charity, which means love, begins at home . . . how I prayed God to give me wisdom and guidance in determining this matter. I could close my eyes and see the wasted form of the poor old man lying there on the filthy bed where we had operated on the sixteen-year-old girl—a home without love—a home where there was not a morsel of nourishing food to give the ill father of the family who had labored so faithfully yet so cruelly cheated, because some one failed to have love in his heart when it would have, perhaps, been the keeping of the family from falling to the level of stray dogs.

"My mind wandered back to a family to which I was called to nurse the mother of the home. All the children of my family had gathered at my parents' home for a reunion and barbecue. We were celebrating Father's birthday, and a wonderful time we were having when Doctor K. sent word for me to get ready to go on a case with him, and of

course my family felt that this foolishness was always interfering with my life.

“I was ready when the doctor came for me, and we traveled a mile or so to this home. The patient was very ill, and having convulsions. It was another month before the baby was to be born, this one would be the sixth child. The work for all the family had proven too much for her.

Doctor K. left instructions for me to care for her, asking me to stay for one week with her. During the first evening the patient was not reacting at all as she should so I dressed the children who were too small to dress themselves for bed, then I asked for the family Bible to read some scripture, but there was no answer until the mother feebly told me they did not own one, after having been married a long number of years.

The little books that had been given to me by a very dear Christian of the Methodist faith called “The Upper Room,” from one of which I read Bible scripture to the family then knelt by my chair as we had prayer.

“Day after day as the patient was improving she became a very loveable person. Although the others had helped a great deal, I did all I could to be of help, so when I started home she took me by the hand and said, ‘I feel that my life has been made better by knowing you.’

“Tears stung my eyes as I thought of that beautiful reward—the expression a tribute to the efforts I had striven for. They remain fresh in my mind even as old Lucifer himself seems to be lashing at the very walls of my heart to tear away charity, sacrifice, and love for my fellowman. ’Tis true, at one time in my life if there had not been a power more mighty than merely the stubborn will-power of my own I feel sure I would have quit nursing once and for all.

“Kassie, if the experience is any worse than the case of the sixteen-year-old girl, I just don’t think I can bear to listen to it. I have been thinking of that deformed person lying there on the floor, day and night—did the family feed him?”

“Jewel, I am a bit sorry you thought to ask me that, for

I cannot help shedding bitter tears when I think of what I saw that day.

"You remember I told you the grandmother begged for stale bread and cakes from the truck driver of a baking company?"

"Yes," Jewel replied.

"Well, when the grandmother came in with the gunny sack (burlap sack) and placed it on the floor, one of the children got a handful of rolls from it, sat down close to this deformed person and gave him a whole roll which he grabbed and put all of it in his mouth at one time. This poor wreck of humanity had a very long neck and he was swallowing without chewing it and, Jewel, I wanted to cry out for God to have mercy! It reminded me of a serpent swallowing a frog."

"I am so sorry, Kassie, I asked you that question; forgive me. But, please, I want to hear what nearly caused you to give up nursing."

"This is the story, Jewel: An elderly lady who had passed through life without the blessings of a family, and was now suffering from an incurable disease had long ago decided that people wanted to shun her, and she had stayed alone so much that, so to speak, she was soured on the world.

"One of her neighbors came to me one day and said she wished that I could get Aunt Julia to take a bath and change clothes. It was summer time, and to see her so dirty as she walked around in her yard was getting on the neighbor's nerves. Some of the neighbors had tried to help her, but she refused to let any one do anything for her, the odor from her house was getting to be unbearable. This case was going to require some planning. Anyway, the W.P.A. was employing a colored girl to keep the house clean.

"Time marched on, and I visited Aunt Julia a couple of times that summer and fall. The colored girl was there on both occasions, I lingered only a short while each time because during the summer days I desired to be at home attending to the canning of vegetables, fruits, jellies, soups, etc., that had to be done, as these things meant wholesome, nourishing food for my family during the winter season.

“On New Year’s day of each year I make a special effort to do a kind deed for someone; so, on this New Year’s day the kind deed was to prepare a nice tray of food and carry it to Aunt Julia for her noon-day meal. I entered the house and said, ‘Good morning, Aunt Julia. How are you today? I have prepared a nice dinner for my family today and thought perhaps you might enjoy a tray of it yourself.’ She bowed her head and thanked God for the food I had brought, then asked me to read some scripture from the Testament I had laid on the corner of the tray. She asked me to read her favorite passages of scripture, for which she thanked me over and over. I told her if she would like me to do so I would be glad to bring her a tray of food often. She said, ‘Please; I cannot thank you enough. It has been so long since anyone has thought of me, though I cannot blame anyone. I know of no living relative on which to call on for assistance.’ ‘Aunt Julia, I said, I am a nurse, and will be very glad to help you.’

“That was the beginning of a long and dreadful experience for me. For when I carried the next tray of food to her, I asked how she was feeling, and she replied that she felt very weak—and that was my cue to bring up the delicate subject that had rather worried me; so I began: ‘Aunt Julia, you know what would make you feel much better?’

“ ‘What on earth could make me feel better, child?’ she asked. I replied, ‘A good hot bath and a rub down with alcohol.’

“ ‘Then give me a bath,’ she said hastily.

“I found a tub and filled it with water to heat on the kitchen stove and proceeded to gather up clean linen for the bed and a clean gown for her. I told her she should lie down for a while after taking a hot bath, for I knew that bath was going to be a thorough job! The task was begun by removing shoes and stockings, then a long-sleeved ragged sweater which I laid aside without giving it any special notice, except to note that it was very dirty, then off came the dress, and then one petticoat, two petticoats, three, four, the fifth one she asked to keep on, as she never pulled off all her clothes at any time; but I was going to see that she got

a real bath so I took off the fifth one and all of her underclothes, draping her in a sheet, then seating her in a chair I began a task that, if it could have been seen, would have made our town people bow their heads in shame! The colored girl employed by the W.P.A. was receiving her weekly wages, but was not doing any work for the money she received.

“Basin after basin of clean water was used, but the fat on her stomach was badly wrinkled, which I had to pull open so that the suttly filth could be soaked before I could remove it and get her cleansed.

“Thinking of the condition her body had been in, I decided that I would wash her head the next day, as the bath was about all she was able to stand in one day. I asked her if she wanted her hair combed before lying down to rest. She said, ‘Child, my head is so sore I can’t have it combed.’

“I thought it was the disease spreading onto her head. I had noticed queer looking places on her scalp as if the skin was pushed up in places, appearing like paths running in and out of the scabby places; but I did not examine closely her head that day, and after putting her to bed, I went home. In the meantime some one reported to the W.P.A. that I had given Aunt Julia a bath, and that the condition in which I had found her might cause trouble for someone. I had not noticed, however, the real trouble: I was called by one of the town ladies who asked if I knew that Aunt Julia had body lice. Well, I wanted to cry, but there was no time for that—I just wanted to fight, but did not know who to attack. I had accepted the challenge from one of the neighbors who did not believe I could persuade the old lady to let me give her a bath. As soon as I got through talking on the phone I went straight to Aunt Julia’s to see for myself if it were true; she had put on the old sweater that I had pulled off the day that I bathed her. I walked over to the window and raised the blind to the top, to enable me to see. And what a sight! Yes, yes, yes! body lice so numerous that they fell off the sleeve of the sweater!

“It came back vividly to me of having seen the scratches

on Aunt Julia's back and the queer looking places on her head.

"The lady from the W.P.A. office came in shortly after I arrived and said she did not know Aunt Julia had gotten into such a serious condition. She went to the drugstore and purchased plenty of larkspur lotion, and asked me to help cut and saturate her hair with the medicine. After a period of letting her hair stay covered, we washed it and bathed her in a disinfectant, taking her old clothes out and burning them, new ones being bought by the W.P.A.

"Cleaning and disinfecting the house was left to the W.P.A. workers, so I went home at once to see if I had carried the vermin to my children. Khase came home from work that evening and found I had cut off the beautiful blond curls from our daughter's head and had it tied up with a mixture of kerosene and grease. My hair was very thin and short, so I just saturated it and tied it up with a cloth. I was happy in not finding any lice on my son's head, but taking precaution I gave it a treatment also.

"I told Khase what had happened, upon his inquiry as to the headwraps; he reminded me of a poor little whipped puppy. He sat down on a chair that was close to hand, his lips parted and chin quivering—how I craved for him to say something mean to me . . . that was the only time I really wanted him to say something in the way of reproach.

"Very humbly he asked me to see if he had them, too, so I put larkspur lotion on his head as he did not want an application of kerosene and grease on it. We stayed close to home for a few days, going through everything in the house, and burning disinfecting candles. How Khase and I worked! And he never gave me an ugly word about bringing the pest home with me. I was hurt very deeply and I felt real angry, deciding that now I would break off from nursing, and forget it sure—Just a few more months. As to rural district nursing I would forget it, too, and only keep patients in my home for a while, and eventually get out of it entirely. I felt that enough was enough, as I had been nursing all the time against odds. My parents, sisters, and husband were voicing their opposition bitterly of late. I

thought I would not go back to Aunt Julia's again, yet I did—the very next time she sent for me, and continued doing so through the few remaining months of her life.

“The time to go to her reward was approaching, and she continually asked me to go see her and bathe her, with an alcohol rub down. The words the lady had spoken so sweetly, ‘I feel that my life has been made better by knowing you,’ haunted and urged me on during those trying days.

“Aunt Julia died. . . No one to care if she had passed on. Merely a few people gathered around for a last work at the burial rites. This was a funeral to be paid for by the county and, naturally, there was not much care exercised in handling the corpse. On the way to the cemetery the undertaker must have been careless in fastening the doors of the hearse, for as it was being driven up a small hill-grade the doors came open and Aunt Julia slid out of the hearse in her casket, and there in the middle of the road was the casket and one lonely bouquet of flowers. Oh, it was pitiful! I have a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach yet when I think that she was just one of the many who had only one bunch of flowers, and no one to care—only a few curious to see such laid in a pauper's grave.”

“Kassie, of course the undertaker discovered the loss immediately, I presume?”

“Oh, yes,” Kassie replied. “Aunt Julia was finally laid to rest.”

“Kassie, this story impresses me very much for the need of love for our fellowman. But I cannot seem to forget that terrible case of the sixteen-year-old girl's family. Kassie, what kind of illness did the father have?—I just can't get it off my mind.”

“Jewel, I don't know what ailed him. Doctor K. told me he had been bed-ridden for a long time; that there was no screens of any description over the windows or doors, therefore flies were thick in the house, and the flies that cause screw worms had gotten into the house and deposited screw worms in the bed-sores in the poor old man's back, that he had gone out and picked them out about two weeks before we went out to operate on the girl.”

"Kassie, honestly, that is most unbelievable."

"Yes," Kassie replied, "people that have never had to come in contact with such things can hardly believe it; but it is true."

"Well, did Doctor K. have a medicine to prevent return of the screw worms after he got rid of them?" Jewel asked.

"Yes, there is a medicine known as screw worm treatment."

"Kassie, I have never heard of that kind of a worm before."

"Well, I think it is confined more or less to the warmer climates. Farmers have considerable trouble with it among the stock, especially the new-born cattle and hogs here in the south. People would do much better for themselves if they would not let such things happen."

Kassie continued: "Jewel, most of the rural cases reveal the remarkable patience of our wonderful country doctor in serving all classes of patients and impresses one with the fact that talented people cannot get away from the work they were intended to do, and those that can engage in the work they love should count their blessings every day."

"Kassie, after your work on the case of Aunt Julia, did you quit nursing for a while after she passed away?" Jewel asked.

"No, but I tried to confine my duties to the hospital room in my home," Kassie replied.

"And did you succeed in that effort?"

"No, Jewel, not at once."

"Kassie, previously in the story you said you nursed some of the very wealthy families; were you paid accordingly for your services?"

"Jewel, an undergraduate nurse was paid by the people that could afford it, the amount being two dollars for every twenty-four hours of service. I have stayed on duty for seventy-two hours without undressing as Doctor K. was a very strict physician, and the chart of a patient had to be kept up to date, but I enjoyed working for him, because of his serious mindedness."

Kassie continued: "One time my father was going to stop

me from nursing at all, so he went to Doctor K. with a very sad story to the effect that Khase needed me at home, and that he would be doing our family a great service if he would discharge me outright from his service.

"I can imagine Doctor K. clearing his throat as was his habit, and saying to my Father, 'Now, Hill, let us try to reason this thing out. Of course I know Khase and the children need the wife and mother at home—there just isn't any argument to that question. Kassie was born to be a nurse, even though she has met with opposition on every step along the way, and I can understand her difficulties. But, like her, I could not be happy in any other work. My parents, tried to persuade me to go into the ministry. They plagued me daily. I knew I was not called to that, and as a man I took up the work I felt was my calling. You know, Hill, that Kassie left training school because of parental objection to the treatment the students received there. That that was unfortunate I heartily agree. But that did not take the desire out of her heart to nurse, any more than you would want to be a failure in your business world. And you have done well, as you know.'

" 'Now, Doc, a woman needs to be in the home; sure, I was bitterly opposed to the girls getting such a foolish notion in their minds. Their Mother has always been contented to stay home and rear our children, making a comfortable home and being a good wife and mother. Now Doc, just try to get around that fact—you can't! And what could be more honorable to a woman?' Hill asked determinedly.

Doctor K. asked, " 'Well, now, Hill, is Khase being mistreated on account of his meals not being prepared at the proper time?'

" 'No.'

" 'His clothes are laundered regularly, I presume?'

" 'Yes. But listen here, Doc—'

Doctor K. continued, " 'The children seem to be well cared for.'

" 'Yes, Doc., But I think—' "Hill did not finish what he wished to say for Doctor K. was continuing his argument with his good friend."

“ ‘Hill, I think of those children of yours as I would my own, and I feel very sorry for Kassie; and, too, I am very proud of her. She acquired more nursing ability from one year’s training than many a one completing the course. Furthermore, I had a patient to tell me that Kassie read the Bible and had prayer in the home as long as she stayed there. And one of the sons of the home made the remark to his father that he wanted the reading and prayers continued after the nurse left them, as it seemed to make the home more pleasant for some one to pray in it.’

“ ‘Now, dad-blame it, Doc,’ Hill said, ‘I think Kassie ought to stay home and—don’t try to get close to me—I firmly believe in all the goodness that can be done, but charity begins at home.’

“ ‘That is right, Hill; and Kassie has helped many a family to see that very thing.’

“ ‘Yes, but if Kassie’s home is wrecked, what has she profited?’

“ ‘It won’t be—’

“ ‘Now how do you know it won’t?’ Hill interrupted.

“ ‘Well, it could be faith,’ Doctor K. earnestly replied.

“ ‘Father quieted down for a while and did not say anything to me about staying home.

“ ‘I remember just two days before Christmas day I dismissed a patient that had been nursed in my home, so I had promised one of the merchants to help out as a clerk in the store during the next two days with the last minute rush. As I was tidying up the house a knock on the door proved to be the man that had been our salesman for one of the popular products for as long as I could remember. Oh, he used to give us small children chewing gum and candy when he stopped at our house as he was making his rounds. Mother had always stocked up the medicine cabinet as well as the spice and flavoring cabinet, so when I began keeping house I followed her example—stocking up with these products spring and fall. But he had come to me on a different mission this evening. His mother was gravely ill and he asked me if I could possibly go stay with her. Remember, I had promised to clerk for the next two days and

the merchant was depending on me, but the man was so pathetic in his pleading, stating he had tried to find some one else, but every one had more to do than was possible to get done before the appearance of Santa Claus was to be made. And colored people did not want to stay with any one so very ill. I could picture my mother—just suppose it were my mother, and every one so busy that there was no one to help!”

“And you went of course?” Jewel interrupted.

“Yes I did,” Kassie said, as Jewel asked another question.

“And what about the job as clerk?”

Kassie continued: “Well, I felt it was my duty to go and nurse the lady that evening, thinking she would perhaps, be feeling better by morning. I did not know until I arrived there that she was at the point of death, but from experience I knew that the hour was close to hand when she would pass on to the Great Beyond. I felt somewhat guilty for having spent more than two hours at home doing chores that the maid could have done after the man had so urgently persuaded me to go and help with her.

“She died at one o’clock that night, so I called the undertaker, and I thought that after the body was taken away I would call some one of the folks at home to come for me; but the undertaker came and had brought all the equipment for embalming the body. I was rather upset when he told me I would have to assist him in the embalming, there being no one else to help. I had not counted on this angle and felt a little bit faint when the task was begun. I told him that I certainly would not have his job. He came back with, ‘You doctors and nurses do many things I would not want to do,’ which was true; but I told him that we were trying to save their lives, to which he replied, ‘Well, you don’t succeed in all cases, so we undertakers try to preserve the body after you doctors and nurses fail on the job.’ However I kept my chin up and my feet on the floor until the task was completed. When he was ready to return home he mischievously smiled a little wickedly and said, ‘You are a better war horse than I thought at first. How about offer-

ing you a partnership in the company?’

“I answered, trying to appear that I thought he was sincere in offering me a partnership, ‘Well, that is something worth considering. I must say you have done a beautiful job here, so I will think over your offer and let you know.’

“I suppose that put him on his feet once again? And good enough,” Jewel said.

“Yes, those who laugh last laugh the loudest at times,” Kassie remarked, Jewel saying, ‘True enough,’ And nodding her head affirmatively.

Kassie continued, “I returned home around nine o’clock in the morning and took a shower bath to refresh myself for the day’s work clerking. I believe that next to nursing, sales work would be next in a choice of work for me. A crowd of colored people came into the store to do their buying for Santa’s pack and I would ask them the children’s ages, then I would pick out toys I thought the children of the age would like. And then the wrapping and taking the money for them—I really got a thrill from every sale made. Mr. Smith advised me to quit making so many trips to the cash register, but drop the money into my pocket and deposit it in a bulk, which was very considerate of him. Old merchandise that had been piled back for two or more years was sold, because, I presume, there had been more jobs for the people, and money more plentiful. Mr. Smith said, ‘Kassie, a new broom sweeps clean. Child, you have earned your wages, and a tiny bit of a bonus for selling all the old merchandise.’

“I had not thought of trying to be an expert saleslady. There was just something thrilling about selling that made me want to pile up the sales, and hear the tinkle of coins when dropped into the cash register.

“Christmas week was gone, and I had been home every day. There had been no operating for Doctor K., and he had been enjoying a well deserved rest period.

“The maid was to have time off until another case came up for me. Khase was telling me every day, though, to stay home that I had already gotten into enough trouble by

bringing body lice home to contaminate the family. He even tried to shame me to the extent of making me cry—I felt mine was a world of confusion.

“New Year’s day here again—one year ago that I had been to Aunt Julias’, almost one year ago that I felt sure I could quit nursing forever! Satan had certainly spread his net to enmesh me on all sides. I had promised myself to break away from nursing in rural districts. And then eventually to quit altogether. Sure, I had earnestly vowed I would. And now another year had passed, and I was still promising, but no closer to a solution than I was a year ago regarding the question of getting away from the work I was born to perform. Time was edging on toward a show-down as to what I would do.

“Khase was getting dissatisfied with his job and began to talk of moving to another place. I felt sure the change he was talking about was for only one thing—to get me away from the encouraging influence of Doctor K., who seemed to understand my case, and was forever telling me to keep driving ahead; that the world needed those who were born to nurse, he would say. Of course my heart would turn flips, to think there were a few people who appreciated my efforts. Doctor K. had often said, ‘Kassie, I suppose I will go through life and not be able to save a dime; but if I am laid to rest in a pauper’s grave, I have the joy of knowing I have lived a full life by doing the work that I feel I was called to do. I cannot see people suffer without trying to alleviate their afflictions. I have donated much of my time, money, and advice to that end to the best of my knowledge, and I do not regret one minute of the charity work I have done, and I hope it has hit the mark and done some good.’

“All these things wandered through my mind, and I knew all that Doctor K. had said was true; I had seen him take cash money out of his pocket to buy medicine for patients, and milk and bread for hungry little waifs. I know there must be many stars in his crown as the reward for living and sacrificing his time and money to bless others.”

“Kassie, is Doctor K. still living? I really would enjoy meeting him.”

“Jewel, the last time I heard of him he was becoming very feeble, so I really don’t know. If and when I can see my way clear to make a visit I certainly would love to go and see about him.”

“How about both of us going in my new car—oh, say some time this summer?” Jewel asked.

“A wonderful idea,” Kassie replied. “I would love to go very much, shall we set a date?”

“It’s a deal, and don’t forget about it,” Jewel said, and continued by asking her friend another question.

“Kassie, you were in so much turmoil over your life of nursing—did you go on any more rural district nursing trips?”

“Yes—one more, that I remember well enough; it was to be a charity case. You can sum up the pay when I tell you the story. This patient was a friend to our family for many years. Unfortunate events in his life prevented him from saving any money for old age or sickness.

“There was one daughter staying with him, and when he became so seriously ill, my heart was full of sympathy for her. There was no money with which to hire any one to stay there, so I went and stayed one week, sitting up practically day and night. Oh, she did, too. Every evening she would get her thread and crochet hook and work on beautiful center-pieces, she teaching me to crochet as we kept watch over the patient, this helping to pass away the time. Since then I have made many pretty crochet things for my home, as you may see.”

“Yes, in fact I have been admiring that pretty doily on the table. I presume you made it?”

“That, Jewel, is the center piece this patient’s daughter was making the week I stayed there. The night she finished it (Kassie paused as she fondly touched the doily on the table, she broke the thread and handed it to me and said, ‘Here, Kassie, please accept this; it is all I have to offer for your kindness in staying here. And I do appreciate it very much.’

“Somehow I felt amply paid for my services,” Kassie said, and Jewel replied, “Yes, you can still see appreciation

for your service in this art work of hers."

Kassie continued her story: "That summer many patients came to my home for operations. My little girl was now four years of age, so I made her a little white nurse's apron and cap like my own and I could just see my dreams of her fulfilling my heart's desire for her to become a full-fledged R.N. (Kassie's eyes were sparkling as she talked.) I could really walk around on air as in my mind's eye I could envision her in a white uniform and cap, and dark hair—a wisp of it getting unruly at a time when she could not fix it, as that was bound to happen; as you know, it was pounded into our heads never to touch our faces or hair when we were waiting on a patient."

"Yes," Jewel said, "I remember there were so many 'don'ts' when I was in training," to which Kassie remarked, "And they are never forgotten—once they are learned."

"How right you are . . . they really do stick with you." And Jewel continued, saying, "And now she wishes to be a missionary. Life can play cruel tricks, as to our thinking I suppose."

"Well, I have reconciled myself to the idea," Kassie said. "As I told you before, if that be her calling, may God bless her in the work." (Kassie quickly brushed away a tear as she continued with her story.)

"Close to one Christmas, a young mother with two small children came to my home for an emergency operation. Doctor K. explained to me that the husband of the young woman had deserted her and she had to go back home to live with a father that had all he could do to beat out a living in his blacksmith shop, much less try to pay for an operation for the patient. Well, the good doctor told me if I could give my service to nurse her, he would help the father pay for her food, I to furnish bed linen and nurse her, and take care of the three-year-old child—his work for operating would be charity, of course, unless the husband could be found and persuaded to come forward with pay for the service.

"The patient was progressing nicely, and Christmas was coming closer. One day as I entered the room I caught sight

of tears glistening in the patient's eyes, when she quickly turned her face to the wall. I picked up water glasses and a few odds and ends and left the room, without saying anything to her. I surmised the trouble—Christmas night, and no Santa to gladden the heart of her little three-year-old darling girl.

"I brushed away a tear as I thought of my own purse which was lacking in enough funds to buy all the things I wanted Santa to have in his pack for my darlings, though they would have more than the average child, as my parents would see to that. How I planned and figured to try to get enough money to buy a doll for the three-year-old child; even the poor little china doll that the old hound dog had torn up was better than not having any doll at all on Christmas morning. I prayed over the matter as I went about my task the rest of the day. Late in the evening a patient that I had nursed and had forgotten came to my house and made me a gift—three dollars, to be exact.

"As I held the money in my hand it seemed there was a voice from out of somewhere saying, 'Here is the funds to buy the doll for Diana.' Yes, I suppose it was. The lady worked for a living, earning enough money to be well supported—next morning found me in town shopping for the prettiest doll I could find for exactly three dollars!

"Christmas morning came and Diana clasped her pretty dolly to her bosom as if she would never let it go. And again I ignored the tears that filled the mother's eyes. But this time she did not turn her face to the wall to hide them.

"Her father came to see her on Christmas day and how he appreciated the grandchild's gift! The poor old fellow was badly in need of a coat, so I found one of my husband's old ones and gave it to him. It does my heart good to help some worthy person in need."

"Yes, Kassie, I agree with you. I have been summing up the total of different people who have tried to help. It was as if you had have thrown so much time and effort to the four winds."

"Yes, only how true it is, to try to help but be too late. But some one might have been of help if they had started in

time. Anyway, I have been repaid for the experience which taught me to be ever ready to give a word of encouragement and lend a helping hand to those in need."

"That is one way to add it, without a remainder being left," Jewel said.

"I feel that if I could have completed my nurse's training course before I married, and had been placed in my rightful position in life, my husband would not be adding up the sum of feeling short-changed in the matter of a wife and home at this time of life."

"Yes, Kassie, that is another angle; the books just won't balance in that column."

Kassie said, "After all is said and done, if I can manage somehow by the grace of God to build the convalescence home I'm striving for, perhaps I can die happy."

"Kassie, when you complete the building, I would like to donate the furnishings for one room, in honor of my father. He was a doctor, too, but was called very early in life by an accident. The fog was heavy and he failed to take a curve on the highway."

"Jewel, I have heard you speak of your parents, but I did not know about the accident that was fatal to your father."

"Kassie, as my father could not stay with us, I am glad that I can say my parents—for I was very young, and I am sure I would not have known the difference had I not been told of my step-father."

"You do have blessings to count," Kassie said thoughtfully.

"Yes, indeed," Jewel agreed.

"Jewel," Kassie said, "you would have a sweet story to tell of your life."

"True, Kassie, but it would be the story of so many other people of this great country that it would not have the spice to arouse sympathy or feeling. My life consisted of school days, parties—nice ones only, and vacations. I cared little for boy friends. As you know, I am still single and like that way of life. I have always wanted to make my own way through life. As an R.N. I received enough salary to buy

the clothes I need and manage to save a small sum each month. I am happy, so what more could I want? Here we are getting away from the story, and the day is wearing on. What was the next case you were called on to help?"

"Jewel, there were many cases. But as it happened the majority of them were people who could pay for the service of a nurse and, as I told you, I was trying to ease away from the profession. My husband was feeling terribly sorry for himself—the feeling being augmented by the 'sympathy' of others.

"The Builders Supply Company had lost two of their high officials from heart disease, so Khase was very dissatisfied with his work there. He had a tantrum every few days during which he said he wanted to move away from our home town and get another job. Of course, I felt that was only a ruse to get me away from nursing. I could have been very wrong about that.

"An opportunity was presented for my sister, her boy friend, Khase and me to go for a week-end visit to the Hospital where Pat and I spent our year in training, excluding the many hours we made up that had been taken away by the Superintendent for trifles. I suppose she had lots of fun seeing the students working for nothing. The Technician we had known when we were there invited us to make the visit. She was very courteous, showing us the new ward that had been built, and the new home for nurses.

"She had a sweet little girl with red curly hair. The other Technician, we were informed, was to be married soon. We found only two or three of the nurses who were there when we left, still on the staff at the Hospital. How sick at heart I felt! Why could I not have seen into the future, and battled to finish training?

"Khase succeeded in getting a new job clerking in a store shortly after we came back from that visit, causing us to move several miles from where we lived; but instead of getting me farther away from nursing influences, we had moved within a few minutes' walking distance of a hospital, of all places!

"His work was clean, though the wages were to be small

for a while. The owner of the store was building a beautiful home on St. Simons Island, where he was spending a few months, Khase was to receive additional pay for the extra work.

"We rented two rooms from the mother of one of the clerks and crowded into them. She was a seamstress, and made me an offer to assist with her sewing, which I gladly accepted, as I was lonely for my uniform, being especially haunted by the fact that the hospital was almost in my front door.

"There was a standing agreement that Khase was to get a salary of fifty dollars a month, fifteen dollars of which we paid for rent, so the extra money I made sewing was very welcome. There was to be a third child . . . my husband was positive that three children would keep me so busy that I would not have time to think of the nursing profession again; I hoped too, that I could forget it.

"I was trying very hard to put on a bold front of being happy. My husband came home one evening and told me he was going to St. Simons, to deliver a load of household furniture to his employer's new home, and wanted me to go with him. It was to be a trip in a motor truck, but he thought it would be wonderful for us, I never having been to the ocean. I called Mother by telephone and asked her to keep my children for me; she said she would gladly do so, stating that she thought the little vacation would do me a world of good. We arrived at the beautiful home on the beach and put the house in perfect condition for housekeeping.

"I did not sleep very much the first night on the beach. The great body of water fascinated me. In the dusk of the evening, looking far out over the ocean, the sky line so far away melting into the deep blue of the 'briny deep,' I thought of the words in an old song, 'There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea.' Then the beautiful silvery moon rising over the water with white caps foaming and spraying, eventually beating against the shore line, but going on . . . on . . . on! It seemed to have no purpose yet it could conquer and be conquered. Great ships sailed

to their destination upon its bosom, but carrying some to destruction—of course, the ship with a good pilot would likely reach port. Meditating upon all this grandeur of nature, I endeavored to analyze my life . . . why the surging billows of life's sea had so buffeted me that I had not succeeded in reaching my destination, so in awed silence I sought guidance from the Supreme Pilot.

“My husband sitting down by my side, placed a basket across my lap, brought me out of my dream-world. In it there were delicious barbecue, hamburger, and hot dog sandwiches with all the trimmings—onions, pickles, and a small jar of mustard. Oh, he surely was trying to make me happy on this little vacation, and I tried to feel ashamed. A guilty conscience would help, but I could feel neither one—I had been cheated of my rightful heritage, so when Khase asked me if I were enjoying the vacation, of course I said (in a sense) I was.

“‘Then, Kassie,’ he said, pleadingly, ‘let us really live these few days here on the beach; let them be full ones. I have never been able to realize that you are mine. You haven't said more than two or three words during the last hour,’ then he asked, ‘Kassie, what are you thinking of?’

“‘Oh,’ I said, ‘I was thinking of the big ocean out there . . . how lonesome it must be!’ He smiled faintly and said, ‘Well, it sure is making a heck of a lot of noise out there alone, to be so lonesome.’

“Words flowed more fluently between us the rest of the evening. Really and truly I loved my husband; I wanted him to be happy, but at the same time I wanted to be figured in on the deal of being happy, too.

“I would gaze out over the ocean in the early mornings as the sun was rising—So many colors—the sun shining on the water which just kept flowing onward, with its waves and glistening white caps, I could easily imagine the existence of an enchanted city. It brought back the memories of the old darky on the plantation at home telling my sisters and me, how the pretty mermaids would come up out of the water to comb their long hair, a fantastic story easily imagined as one gazed upon that vast expanse of water from

a ship out in the middle of the deep blue sea—well, I hope to experience it some day myself.

“We had spent one week getting the new home in first-class condition for my husband’s employer and family, which had afforded me a rest, too. But now the week was over, and I had to get back home to help with the sewing. We had spent entirely too much money—I had not prepared one pan of food during the entire week.

“I sewed every spare moment for a month after the trip to the ocean, as there had to be some savings for the new baby. Food, rent, and clothing to be paid for out of fifty dollars a month was not going to leave anything to save, so I could work until the last month before beginning to sew for the new addition to the family.

“Another one of my grandmothers became sick, and I was called to help nurse her. She lived only a few days after becoming ill. How I wished the precious child I was carrying beneath my heart would be a nurse or doctor—whichever the Lord saw fit to give me, boy or girl!

“If I were ever to get away from nursing, there was only one thing to do—refuse to go when called, but that was impossible. I tried to crawl into a shell of selfishness, but I could not refuse to go where needed.

“One of my girl friends who had entered training at the same hospital with Pat and me was now working at the hospital here close to my home as an undergraduate. She had not stayed in training as long as we did. On an errand to a department store for supplies for the seamstress I met Ann coming off duty at the hospital. She said she and her husband would be over that evening to visit us. I was thrilled as we talked over old times, until our husbands told us they had planned an opossum hunt and wanted us to go with them, but Ann began to argue that she would be on duty at that time. Sam, her husband, flared up and said, ‘To the duce with duty! Duty, duty, duty; Khase, that is all I ever hear . . . duty, and that hospital out there.’ My husband chimed in, ‘Ditto, brother. Amen.’ All of us laughed, and decided ‘a hunting we would go.’ I was very excited for it brought back memories of opossum hunts, and fishing in the

swamp. On one occasion Pat and I went fishing and we thought perhaps we had better take along the monstrous-looking bulldog that Father had bought for us to replace our faithful old dog Shep that the old negro, Sun, had left with us when he was called to war, that dog having been mercifully done away with. The bulldog puppy was about half grown when I was graduated from school. The rascal had grown up and became a mean and ugly looking dog; Father thought a great deal of him even if he did try to kill every chicken, hog, or dog that came in range of his leash.

“The dog was very gentle with all the family, but no strangers were safe within his reach. He trotted along quietly behind the wagon in which we were riding and when we entered the swamp we took off the leash as there was nothing to excite him the rest of the way to our favorite place to fish. We set our fishing poles, then went down into the swamp where we could swing a throw line, that being a sure means of getting a nice string of fish. The dog would stop and perk up his ears, standing tense. Pat and I were trying to put on a bold front for each other. She would say, ‘Pshaw! he doesn’t hear anything!’ Nevertheless we were straining our ears trying to hear even the snapping of a twig, but the line was thrown out and we returned to our place to fish with the poles. The dog came close to us and sat down, yet he kept perking up his ears. We could tell the intruder was getting closer by the tenseness of the dog. Low muffled moans were coming close enough for us to hear them. Both of us started to speak at the same time, saying that it might be a wild boar, as it was the grunting of a hog we had heard. We feared for ourselves, as well as for the dog for the reason that the long tushes of a wild boar could easily kill the dog if he could get at it just right; but no, as it came in sight we were greatly relieved to see it was a domesticated animal that had probably broken through some farmer’s fence.

“Very soon the hog and dog were in the water fighting. We knew it would be a shame to let the hog be killed, so we pulled off our shoes to wade into the water. We beat,

coaxed, and pulled at the dog; we became wet all over, but he continued to grip the throat of the poor helpless hog, which had ceased to struggle. I tried to choke the dog but it was like grasping so much iron. We decided to grab hold of the fat on the back of his neck and pull him off if we had to break it. We finally made him release the hog, but we had to drag the rascal every inch of the way to the wagon and hold him while the leash was put around his neck, and tied it to the wagon wheel, then we went back, wet and exhausted and sat on the bank to fish."

"What became of the hog, Kassie?"

"We watched it floundering in the mud and water for a while, then it got out and dizzily walked off into the swamp."

"You never heard who it belonged to?" Jewel asked.

"No; and I never inquired, for the poor thing was badly chewed up. We did all we could to save its life."

"How about the fish—did you catch any?"

"Yes," Kassie said, "we gathered in a nice string on the throw line."

"Kassie, you started once to tell me about a 'possum hunt; what happened on it?" Jewel asked, a little anxiously.

"Oh, nothing in particular," Kassie said, "beyond the incident that Ann stumbled and fell, ramming her arm into a keg of mash."

"A keg of mash? What is that for; I thought you were supposed to be in the woods 'possum hunting."

"My dear, we were. Mash in a keg, found in the woods, means that someone is making 'mountain dew' unbeknown to Uncle Sam. You have heard of 'mountain dew' I presume?" Kassie asked.

"Well, if it means the same as 'fire water,' I have heard."

"That is right," Kassie said.

"Well, Kassie, did you know to whom it belonged?"

"No, and, believe me, we did not linger to try to find out. It was plenty soured; and too, it might have gotten us in trouble to spend any time there—unlawful operators are apt to get rough with one who accidentally discovers a still. Naturally, we found a branch of water there where Ann washed her arm, then we went to another place, after call-

ing in the hunting dogs. It was closer to home, where the woodland was spacious enough to allow fair hunting with less danger in stumbling on someone's hiding place or maybe falling in a barrel of soured mash, which would have been pathetic."

"I can well imagine that," Jewel said, "but what I am trying to figure out is why would it be necessary to fall in a barrel or keg; it seems to me anyone would either run against it or topple over it—just don't make sense to me."

"Jewel, I haven't had any experience with the making of mountain dew—perhaps it should be called swamp dew, stump rum, or moonshine. It was in the swamp that a bunch of neighbors had planned a 'possum hunt. I was with them when we ran up on a huge barrel buried in the ground. The crowd gathered around, surmising that it must have been old Diamond Dan's mash barrel who had been captured by revenue officers a few years before for violating the law. That, and the keg of mash in process into which Ann rammed her arm, were the only two I ever saw or heard of."

"Kassie, I believe that the country offers a wider range of knowledge than can be found in the bright lights of the city. It seems that you have encountered a vast number of experiences."

"Yes, I have," Kassie said, "and I have enjoyed many of them, too."

"Tell me, did you catch any 'possums that night?" Jewel asked. "We certainly did," Kassie replied. "The dogs treed three of them and a coon. They were put in a box and fattened on buttermilk and corn meal bread. Ann and I later prepared a supper of very browned 'possum with baked sweet potatoes—good gracious Jewel, don't be so wide-eyed—that was a swell supper—"

"Oh, I was just wondering what it would be like. I did not mean to be so 'wide-eyed' as you say; I suppose you feasted on the coon in the same manner."

"No, Khase gave it to one of the clerks at the store, and they feasted on it in like manner."

"The two couples of us had some wonderful times together. They owned a lovely automobile, their home, and a

pack of hunting dogs, and appeared to be as content and happy as they could be; but oftentimes when she and I talked about the mistake we had made in quitting nurses' training we felt blue and despondent. She persuaded me into promising to take a job at the same hospital with her after the baby arrived and was a couple of months old; but when the youngster was born, I was so in love with her—Oh, I thought she was the sweetest little tyke—and I kept so busy with the three of them that nursing drifted away into the distance for almost six months, then I began to grow restless again for my uniform and cap.

“The hospital seemed to beckon me each time I allowed myself to look that way. Ann had said, too, that another nurse was badly needed there, asking why I didn't apply for the position before someone else got the job. The pain in my heart would stab a little deeper each time I thought of someone else getting the place I wanted so badly.

“My husband looked so disgusted when I approached him on the subject of going to the hospital to nurse. Oh, yes, and somewhat angry, though his words were few: only that—‘I thought it was getting about time for you to start that silly foolishness! Haven't we been happier here, with you at home with us?’

“I argued that we would always live in two rooms if we did not cooperate; that it was getting time for us to think about building a home of our own. I eventually won, and when I got into my uniform again I felt as though I was walking on air . . . up the corridor . . . into this room, that room. I cannot express in words my happiness. There would be some night work, but I really enjoyed it. The second floor was mine to care for on the night shift: I drew the midnight lines, ran my charts, gave all the medicine, made out diet lists, and wrote the night report to send to the front office.

“After working for a while, the lady from whom we had rented the rooms moved into the country with her father. He had no one to look after him so she rented us all of the house except one room in which she kept her electric sewing machine, returning to town each day to sew. The noise made

by people coming in to have sewing done and to be fitted kept me from sleeping to the extent that it got on my nerves. I had one ten dollar bill that I had tried to save: I paid it down on a lot for I was determined to have a home of my own somehow. I asked Father to lend me ninety dollars to pay in full for the lot. He did, but later gave it to me, and also gave ninety dollars to each of the other four girls, they to buy whatever they wanted.

"The bricks for the home pillars cost fifteen dollars, that sum being paid out of three pay days from my salary of forty dollars a month. Wages were low, so was the price of brick. My husband being a good carpenter, he did the work in spare time.

"The six rooms were nearing completion when one of Khase's old employers made a special trip to ask him to go back to his former job, making him such an attractive offer that they made a deal. He would finish the house then take the job. It was to be several miles away which meant that we would either have to move there with him and rent the new house, or for me to keep my job and stay alone; conditions were already developing at the hospital to shatter that idea.

"One of the R.N.'s who had been making rather insinuating remarks about how some people could build a new house on such meager wages was beyond her comprehension. I considered her one of the poisonous weeds that will grow in the garden of any profession, so I tried not to get angry enough, or say anything to her; but when old Lucifer himself showed up in her, I plainly told her it was not lady-like to do what she had done."

"What had she done, Kassie?"

"Jewel, although she had made so much trouble for me, I did not tell the superintendent what she had done. As long as she had been there as a R.N., and if the superintendent could not see for herself what was going on, I did not consider it ethical to report her.

"I expected tricks to be pulled on me, but the unexpected happened one day, catching me off guard."

"What was it? Honestly, I believe I would have been

getting fed up trying to nurse," Jewel remarked.

Kassie continued: "Well, I had asked to be transferred to another floor to get away from her, but the superintendent said there was nothing open except on the night shift, but that was impossible now, as Khase was going to work away from home, making it necessary for me to be at home at night. I had been very happy on the night shift, but had been transferred to a day shift long ago.

"The doctor, working as house doctor, was a handicapped physician. He never tried to have an office out of the hospital. This nurse I spoke of was always saying something corny to him; of course, he would laugh with her. One day, as I was running my charts, the two of them came through the chart room together. I had noticed she had said something to him causing him to laugh. I had a feeling that it was something concerning me, but I did not realize until he slapped me across the hips and I slapped him and advised him to keep his hands to himself.

"The R.N. waited only long enough to hear it all and off to the superintendent's office she went, and very soon I was called 'on the carpet,' there being made to realize my status.

"Undergraduate nurse! The superintendent tried to make me feel that the R.N.'s word was above mine, though I did not know what she had been told. When I faced my enemy to ask her some questions she gave me a mocking laugh that seemed to start deep down in her entrails in more or less an ugly gurgle. With emphasis she said, 'Kassie, you should know by now that a R.N. of my position would not go to the superintendent on an errand of such a thing as tattling. I just cannot imagine anything so cheap.'

"Well, fifteen days more or less could not make much difference to me, so I might as well get it off my chest.

"Could I have forgotten being a lady for a little while I would have engaged in a round of fisticuffs with her, my Irish temper having boiled over the brim. Oh, she said that 'An undergraduate should at least know the rules, forbidding undergraduates to slap a doctor, or talk back to an R.N., which I had violated.'

“Sure, I knew all the rules; to be sure it was against the hospital rules to slap a doctor. I reminded her that no doctor is above the rules of decency, and that my body is privately owned; that even the lowest order of animals had respect among themselves. I can still hear her sneering laugh, and at the time I was so angry I wanted to start clawing her as a tiger might do, as creatures of her stripe had caused me to be cheated long enough. Just such obnoxious weeds springing up in human society had been the very cause of my parents’ being so bitterly against the profession, almost ruining my life.

“I worked out the fifteen-day notice, wondering why she had gotten angry with me in the first place.

“The state board could be informed and asked for a hearing but that would raise a greater row than ever; so, after praying over the whole matter, and deciding perhaps it would be for the best, I would rent the house that had not been lived in, and move with my husband.

“The day I left the hospital I made up my mind to advise the doctor to be careful how and whom he slapped from now on, for the mistake he made in slapping a lady, had cost me my job.

“After asking me several questions about the issue that had been raised, he nonchalantly leaned with one shoulder against the wall and said he could see through it all now; he was just having a little fun, not really meaning anything wrong. Then he said, ‘Don’t be a fool. Come with me, and I will straighten this out at once,’ to which I replied, ‘No, it is too late now. I have prepared to move back home.’ He then asked me what would we do with the new house for which we had worked so patiently, and I informed him it would be rather heart-breaking to leave it without knowing the freedom of plenty of room after being cooped up in tiny rooms for so long, but it was already rented, and I was packing up to leave.

“The old house we had formerly lived in at home was not available, therefore all we were able to find was two rooms in an old dormitory—a family of five crowded into them for about three months! Then we got our old home

back . . . There were the same shrubs and bulbs I had planted when I had lived there before. There was the room that I had used for a hospital room—it all rather haunted me. I knew if I said anything about nursing again it would create dissension in the family . . . Perhaps if we moved far away from our home town and made a new start elsewhere it might change our luck. I really was getting the wanderlust. I was trying to beautify our lawn. Spring was at hand and the glorious blossoms would soon be lending their beauty to life.

“Soon after breakfast one morning, as I was out in the yard planning some beds for my different flower seeds, one of my friends came by and paused to say ‘Good morning’ and exchange a few words. She told me she was going to the courthouse to sign up to go to a school to train for work in a plant. I eagerly asked her where, so I signed up to go, too. That afternoon Father told me it seemed to him that I would have enough to do to care for my family, but I did not argue, more than to say that my brother had been drafted into the service for the conflict that was in progress at the time, and I wanted to help make the material for him to do his part in protecting our freedom in this great country and that I would not be by myself in making this sacrifice, so about twenty-five of us started to school from my vicinity. Part of the time my mother-in-law cared for my children, and I was soon able to employ the service of a maid. Three weeks’ training was enough to place me with the company that was to employ the trainees.

“Building was booming, and I asked Khase to come to this town and get a job as a carpenter, which he did. My youngest sister stayed with my children at night until their school closed. Then we moved into one large room with kitchen privileges where we remained until a place in which to live could be found. This old house was very dirty, and there were several rooms rented out—people were desperate for a place to live.

“Now that I believe this was the city in which I wanted to settle down, the next thing was to buy a home just as quickly as possible.

“A real estate dealer gladly showed us some houses which could be bought on the F.H.A. plan, if we could get enough money together to pay in full for the lot. Well, Father had made all the children another sum of money as a gift to buy whatever they may choose. Mine went for the lot of one of the F.H.A. houses . . . All the neat little houses in a row was a pretty sight to me after being cooped up in one dirty room. So, we bought one that afternoon, and within a few days we were living in the little house that we could call our own as long as the payments were kept up; and I am proud to say that we kept them up as long as necessary. Many of my friends gave me flower cuttings and also a lot of shrubbery already rooted to set out. Of course, favorite rose bushes were bought. Oh, the people worked faithfully with their new homes and, too, they were people who had tried so long to find a place in which to live, that they appreciated a place they could call their own.

“There was a knoll that had been left; seemed no one wanted to build a house on it. One day as I was walking around I stopped on this knoll of earth . . . How we needed a church for this little suburb. Perhaps God was keeping it for that purpose.

“Another year passed and the knoll of earth was still barren of a building. I spoke to one of the neighborhood ladies about the site being just the place for a church. Well, I suppose that she must have repeated it to some one for it was not very long until a minister visited me one afternoon and said that he had been making a survey in the neighborhood for opinions about establishing a church, and a lot of them had given him my name as being very interested in a church.

“My home was opened for prayer services, and any of the churches services to be held until provisions could be made for some kind of a church. Well, the minister called on the real estate dealer and the little knoll of earth was donated for the erection of a place to worship. The first shelter was a nice sized tent, then the pretty brick building was completed and the dedication service was held. The happy congregation wept for joy. I had visited the knoll of

earth every year to ask God for the plot of ground to be kept as sacred; how many more of the people there did the same, I do not know, but surely there must have been many of them . . . for we really have a nice little house for worship."

"Kassie," Jewel interrupted, "you were speaking of working in a plant; why did you not stay with it?"

"Jewel, I sustained a minor accident there, but it pulled a muscle in my arm. Oh, I was off from work a long time, and made a trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and took the baths prescribed for me. By the time the doctor gave me permission to return to work—it was to be only light work—I was again getting restless for my uniform and cap, so I decided to apply to one of the hospitals for employment.

"The first one I visited informed me they were accepting no one with a family, so that let me out there. The next place needed a dietician, but I did not fit in there although I was given a chance to try it, but nursing was what I wanted to do. After talking with the person in charge of employing for the hospital, she gave me the name of a person to see at another hospital as she knew undergraduates were being employed.

"I shall never forget the picture before me as I entered this hospital: The sweet-faced lady sitting behind the desk, dressed in white, with her white knitting on her lap. On the desk was a large basket of white peach blossoms and as I approached close to the desk, she looked up from her knitting and smiled. I asked to see the lady in charge of employment. With a sweet voice she said, 'Yes, come with me.' I followed her to the office of the Superintendent. Somehow I felt this new start in the nursing profession was what I needed.

"She asked me if I would be able to start work the next morning. Well, that was sooner than I had planned, for I needed new uniforms, as I had gained quite a few pounds in weight, and to buy new ones, without knowing if I would get work would have been very foolish. After explaining this she told me I might take some time to get the uniforms, and also make arrangements for my children to be cared for.

“The coming week found me at work in the wards of the hospital. I learned that the nurses had more to do than was possible to get done. Oh, there were several nurses’ aids, but still not enough help.

“The girl that showed me where to work said, ‘Here is ward A—do it first’; then we went to the men’s ward and she said to do this next. I looked around over the room at the patients, wondering if I would be able to give all the baths in one ward and perform all the other duties.

“I intended to speak to the girl who had conducted me to the wards, but when I turned to where she was standing she had gone, leaving me there looking at all the work before me; I felt rather foolish, not knowing where to look for fresh linen or even a washcloth and basin. Some of the patients began speaking: ‘We had a girl to come in yesterday, and the desk girl did her the same way, so she left at once; but please don’t you leave us. We will try to tell you where to find things.’

“I thanked them from the bottom of my heart for this evidence of welcome so I told ward B that as soon as I finished ward A I would be back to give them a bath.

“Within a few days the work was going along smoothly, most all the ward patients being willing to cooperate with me by helping keep the beds and themselves looking nice. I was very happy now that I was doing the work I liked, but I was so tired at night, sleep came easily.

“One of my ward patients was an elderly blind lady—how my heart went out to her! She wanted to be friendly, and being lonely wished to talk to someone, so every time I passed her way and had a moment to spare I spoke a few pleasant words to her. I often gathered bouquets of flowers and carried them to the wards, giving some of them to the dear old blind lady and let her smell the sweet perfume, explaining to her the different colors of the bouquet. She really appreciated the smallest favors.

“Then there was Mary, the retired school teacher, who loved children and flowers. She was forever begging some one to lead her outside to see the camellias in bloom, but help was so scarce that things of that sort had to be omitted.

“Observing all those old people that would enjoy an hour or so in the open if it were possible to have a home for them, the idea had begun to take shape in my heart for a place in which to care for just such people; but the pain that pierced my heart was the realization of the need for a convalescence home was when an old lady who was almost blind in both eyes, came to the hospital for an operation on them.

“She told me that morning if only she had a place to go where she could lie down at night knowing that in the morning someone would be there to prepare something for her to eat. And if she had someone to go shopping for her, she could manage to feel her way around the kitchen at home to cook enough for herself. I asked her if she did not have some relatives who could help her with the shopping. ‘Oh, yes, she said, but they told her if they had to care for her it would be only long enough for them to take by law what property she owned for caring for her,’ and then she would have to go to the poorhouse, if she lived longer than that.

“If there was a way for me to get a place for those dear old people I surely meant to do so, and I began planning how it could be done. By accident I heard of some property that I might be able to buy for the purpose of such a home.

“I asked my Father for four hundred dollars to make up the amount that I needed to pay for the land; but when I told him the reason for buying the land he got angry, stating that four hundred dollars was a lot of money. I informed him that it would be paid back with whatever interest he charged—well, if he loaned it to me, four per cent would be the rate of interest, but he did not give me any satisfaction as to the loan at that time, but at the first of the week my Mother called me by long distance phone and said the check for the four hundred dollars had been mailed.

“My contract with Father was for me to pay four per cent on the money, but by the time the first installment was due, he gave me the money, also giving each of the children the same amount.

“As usual, my husband and my parents were bitterly opposed to my plan to build a home, arguing that we should

sell the other two homes and build a very nice dwelling house for the family. As I tried to plan for the building on the lots I soon realized that they were not going to be large enough for the housing and grounds I wanted, so I told my family that if I could find a more suitable place for my idea of the home I contemplated, a dwelling may be erected on the lots I had bought; then Khase and I started out to find a place that was wooded and had a creek of water on it if possible. A whole day was spent looking for a place such as I desired, but to no avail. In a round about way I heard of ten acres of land for sale, and went at once to see about it. I found that beautiful pines graced the plot of ground, and I desired it so much. Although I had been saving every penny I did not have enough to buy the ten acres. We had quite a nice sum of money tied up in real estate, but I did not have the place I wanted. A gentleman in town had been recommended to me as being a fair and square dealer from whom to borrow, so I decided to call on him and endeavor to negotiate a loan to finish paying for the land.

“When I called on him and explained my errand and the purpose for which the property was to be used, he thought it was a grand idea, but regarding the money problem, he asked me if my Father could help me with it. ‘Oh, sure,’ I told him. ‘He could complete the home and let me repay him in installments if he wanted to, but that my parents and family are very much opposed to the home. They feel that it is just a whim of mine to want to operate a place with so much responsibility attached to it, therefore I am strictly on my own to fight to the finish for this home,’ so he stated the contract would be ready the next day or so, asking me to return to sign it and get the money I needed. Well, the first real step toward the home had been taken . . . Had I not gone for six years to the little knoll of earth and asked God for a place to erect a house of worship . . . and today it stands! **AND SO WILL THIS NURSING HOME,** though how many years I may have to keep faith to see it completed I do not know.

“Referring to the two former homes: they were sold, and my husband built a brick dwelling on the lots I had first

bought for the nursing home. Many azaleas, roses, hydrangea, gardenias and many other flowers have been planted to beautify our home."

"Yes, I noticed that many new plants had been placed around the house as I came up the walk. How many of the azaleas do you have?" Jewel asked.

"Well, there were one hundred of them at the time we set them out, but some of them have died; yet there is a goodly number of them left."

"Are you specializing in any particular color, Kassie?"

"Quite a few of them are the Mobile rose, and I believe the white is next in number; I have not decided yet which color of azalea is the prettiest. I have some of the pink ones, also the dwarf variety as well as the larger ones."

"Kassie, there is one thing I have not been able to figure out as yet."

"What is that, Jewel?"

"Well, the building of this lovely home . . . I am sure you have invested considerable money in it . . . Why did you put the money in it when you knew you could have gone a long way toward establishing the home you speak of?"

"Well, you are one more to be added to the list of those who have asked me the same question."

"If you have a reason that you wish to keep secret, just forget that I asked the question," said Jewel.

"Why I don't mind at all telling you the reason. Jewel, I have had offers of a good price for the lots here before the home was constructed as the location was a good place to establish a business structure; I would not sell, because my husband and children wanted a house built, so I quit trying to change them from their way of thinking. Furthermore, I had to take into consideration the fact that my husband put his money into the homes we had owned. He is bitter enough already toward the nursing home I wish to build that had I taken money out of the sale of the property we sold, and then something should happen that I did not meet with success—"

"No need for you to say anything more: I can see the picture you could paint."

"Yes, that is how it is. Anyway I have reserved a room for which I have bought equipment, and I intend to have a first-class Beauty Shoppe."

"Oh, that door leading in from the side of the house—that must be the Beauty parlor?"

"Yes, it is. I intend to keep the profit from the work I do here and a certain amount of my wages, in a separate fund, to be applied to the building-fund of the nursing home."

"How about the family when you get the nursing home built—will they continue to live here in this house? Isn't the land you purchased for the purpose of the home quite a distance for you to commute to work?"

"Jewel, there is no doubt in my mind but that the family will be very proud of the home when it is completed. They will not have to live in the home with the patients and guests, for I really intend to have a nice dwelling very close to the home for the family to live in, and this one can be rented out for a tidy sum. The family-life can go on as usual. The children's socials—their voice and piano practice. They can live as they do now."

"Why, yes; I cannot see any reason why they could not do so," Jewel said thoughtfully. "Personally I think it is a wonderful idea, and hope to see the building completed. I have been wondering about something."

"Yes, Jewel, what is it you are wondering about?" Kassie asked, a little anxiously.

"You know that, if you could think of something which would create interest and secure help to raise funds for this home, perhaps it could be finished sooner and of course that would mean taking care of some of the dear old people you have mentioned."

"Yes, Jewel; have you a suggestion?"

"Kassie, have you ever thought of writing a book? You certainly have had a life filled with experiences varied enough to write about."

"Jewel, as a matter of fact, I have discussed that very thing with a friend of mine, whose heart is full of sympathy for the ill and needy. She says nursing is entirely out of her

line of work; unless it is compulsory she does not go around the sick very much. Oh, we have had several chats. As I told you before, my twin sister died at a very early age, and I have never ceased to feel a longing for her presence. This friend I am speaking of seems to understand me, and what I am striving to accomplish. In my heart I believe that she was sent providentially to help fill the void caused by the loss of my twin . . . of course, as far as some absent one's place can be filled."

"Well, don't forget I have offered the furnishings for one room," Jewel reminded her friend.

"There will also be an undenominational chapel where all can worship as they please."

"Well, that is an excellent idea; there could be many hours of devotion for the ones not confined to their beds. I know of a home for the aged in another state which has a room where there can be singing, messages of cheer spoken, and where any denomination can donate its time and talents for the good of the people. A good idea . . . yes, a good idea," Jewel said.

"Yes, I thought it was a wonderful idea—a beautiful thought," Kassie said reverently.

"Not meaning to change the subject, Kassie, but have you been happy in the work at the hospital with us?"

"Yes, I have. I have made many friends; in fact, I have names from almost every state in the Union, and also from England and Scotland, waiting to hear that I have established the home so they can send me souvenirs for it and to advertise the home for me. Surely it must be completed, and soon, I hope."

"Jewel, you asked me if I had been happy at the hospital —" Kassie paused and said, "There was one unhappiness I suffered. At whose hands I do not know."

"What was that?" Jewel asked.

"I am sure you remember at the close of the second world conflict, or near to the close of it, there were many nurses' meetings being held in the hospital."

"Yes, I remember that," Jewel said, nodding her head in affirmation.

"As the meetings progressed the undergraduates were excluded from the meetings."

"Yes," Jewel said slowly.

"One morning as I entered the hospital I was asked to remove my cap. 'Why?' I asked. I had been wearing it for eighteen months in the hospital. I was told that I lacked just a few days of finishing a year of training, therefore I was not eligible to wear it."

"Yes, I remember," Jewel said in a whisper, mostly to herself, for the meetings behind closed doors to the undergraduate came back clearly. Many things had been discussed in those meetings.

"I worked in training for six months, the students having been informed that they had earned their caps therefore they could wear them on duty, any time, any place . . . has the state ruling been changed as to that?" Kassis said, as she quickly brushed away a tear that was coursing down her cheek.

"Kassie, really, I cannot understand it. I believe the rules are rather too strict for a nurse to obey but still the handicap of being an undergraduate makes other students more determined to carry on."

"I shed many tears over the loss of my cap. The Nurse at the desk tried to console me, and one of the doctors standing there said, 'Cheer up! It is what is in your head and not on the top of it that counts.' Sure, that was one way to look at it."

"That is right. I would try not to worry over the cap while, nevertheless, it appears to me you deserve it; however, my dear, it is not what I think about it that matters."

"True, I was only one of many to wonder about it, I suppose," Kassis said, as she unfolded an refolded a handkerchief.

"Otherwise the work had been all you expected it to be?"

"Yes. One time though my heart was very sad when one of the student nurses died of a very rare disease just before graduation exercises. We were all saddened on this occasion. She was a beautiful and sweet-tempered girl. She was laid to rest with her diploma in her hand and dressed in a

snow-white uniform, also her cap."

"Jewel, I have had some experience with all the work that has to be done in the hospital here and, now as you know, I am in charge of the nursery, assisting in the delivery room."

"Two of the nurses recently went to a convention at which one of them explained what I was endeavoring to do toward building a home for the aged. The nurses at the hospital have been wonderful to work with . . . very understanding."

"That is true Kassie; I have found them to be very considerate of everyone's rights and mutually helpful." As Jewel began putting on her gloves to leave she said, "Kassie, it is approaching late evening, so I must go back to the nurses' home. I assure you I have enjoyed spending the day with you . . . May I ask a favor of you before I go?"

"Certainly," Kassie replied.

"I wish you would keep a diary, recording the events concerning the progress being made toward establishing a home for the aged which you have seen in your dreams for so many years."

"I will, and here will be the way it will read when my 'Dream Home for the elderly' is complete."

PART II

THE DIARY

March

One month since Jewel spent the day with me. The first entry in the diary of interest respecting the progress of the nursing home is a gift of money from my Father, which will be placed in the building fund. (He often gives a sum of money to each of the children.)

New clothes would be welcome, but I will be contented with my old ones this spring.

April

Another month has passed. Set out hydrangea cuttings to form roots—blue, pink; also some white ones promised me by a friend.

May

The last two weeks of this month have been difficult for me. The family has been very restless, insisting that I stay home and keep house.

I will soon have my vacation of a week or two then perhaps I can attend to the many little things that the family wants done.

June

Good news! Today a Beautician applied for permission to operate my beauty shoppe. She has a wonderful personality, is clean, neatly attired, and seems to possess the ability to manage a shoppe. I am very happy.

July

I was agreeably surprised when I counted my savings—pennys, nickels, and dimes along with a few dollar bills crammed into my “bank” an empty coffee can, “hoarded” to add to the building fund.

Slowly but surely creeping toward the goal!

August

All the children away on vacations.

Have been going over the plans of the nursing home, and made a few changes in them.

Saved money by sewing lots of the children's school clothes.

September

Opening of school over again; settled down to daily routine.

Khase has asked me again to forget about building the nursing home. Oh, if I could only get him to understand that I can never abandon my purpose! What will be the solution to the problem?

October

Today Jewel accepted a position in another state. She is going to miss institutional work; nevertheless it is a grand opportunity for her. A very wealthy lady employed her to be companion, nurse, dietician, and chauffeur.

There will be travel, sight-seeing, a good salary and pretty clothes, but I wonder if she will not soon yearn for her uniform and cap.

I hope she will be very happy.

November

Clearings made on the grounds of the nursing-home-to-be for setting out fruit trees.

Eleven apple trees set out. Some people say that to plant apple trees was a waste of time; that within a few years the rust—presumably from pine trees, would kill them. Well, that remains to be seen. The trees are planted.

Eleven peach trees. There are pink, and the white-blossom varieties planted.

Seven pear trees planted, and five apricot trees. It is said that apricots flourish only in some sections of China—we will see if that be true.

Three plum trees. (No comments.)

A plot of ground for fig trees . . . Some of the pale yellow, but more of the purplish black, variety planted.

There was some doubt in my mind as to the advisability of planting cherry trees, but my good friend who is striving to assist me to acquire funds to build the nursing home, was born and reared in a State that has been successful in growing cherry trees. In our discussion of the subject she informed me that she knew of no reason why they would not thrive in the State of Georgia, and that the Montmorency or the Early Richmond were good varieties for making pies or for canning, the Montmorency being her choice. When I asked about how many trees I should plant, she responded with a teasing remark as to how many cherry pies I thought would be consumed in a year's time, topped with ice cream. Eight Montmorencys and three Early Richmonds were decided on.

November has been a wonderful month for me. A local contractor has offered to landscape the grounds of the home when it is ready to be done, and the owner of a nursery said to let her know when the home was ready and she would make a gift of shrubbery for the grounds.

Wisteria vines have been planted in out-of-the-way places on the plot, therefore they will not interfere with landscaping.

One dozen climbing rose cuttings appear to have taken root.

December

There will not be a tinkle of coins into the coffee-can bank for the building fund this month as Santa will be making his eagerly looked-for appearance with gifts for the children.

A very busy month. Programs at the school; Christmas tree programs at the church; children busy with rehearsals.

Gift-shopping, and sweets to be made. And housekeeping lagging in attention!

January

Another New Year's day, with an extra effort made to do a good deed for some one.

A card from Jewel saying she is enjoying the California weather. A letter last week said a trip to Canada was being planned for next summer, and that she was enjoying every moment of her new job. I can well imagine that. A wonderful person.

More than the usual sum set aside, out of my wages for the building; there was no progress made except in the matter of the savings.

February

A year has sped by, and I believe that within the next year I will find the corner stone laid for the nursing home.

The tedious budget-scheming I have tried to follow has well repaid me. The old dresses that I have remodeled and turned has worn well; very few people even guessed that they were old ones.

Quite a pleasing incident occurred today. One year ago, today, Eleanor brought in an arm load of forsythia or golden bells, as they are often called. Well today another arm load of the pretty blossoms adorn the room, thanks to Eleanor.

Several months have slipped by, and today I have marked the beautiful, tall whispering pines that I wish to keep around the home. Some of them are huge ones.

As the clearing is made for the building, I can feel my nerves tingling even to the very tips of my fingers.

All the fruit trees are doing nicely and a grape arbor was added last spring.

My heart thrills as every load of bricks is stacked in neat rows for the preparation for work. The framing has been cut from the timber of the home site; nails and cement have been purchased. A very deep well will furnish water for the home and a pump installed at the artificial lake to supply any amount of water that might be needed.

It has been a long trail of disappointments and so many

discouraging words uttered and I presume there will still be many more before the home is completed. I believe now that Khase is more excited over the whole idea than he is showing. That is since the building is actually beginning. The financial status was very discouraging to think of at first. Yes, indeed; but little by little the funds are ample to carry on.

Linen for one wing of the building has been ordered and the rooms will be done in colors—bedspreads and curtains in matching colors to harmonize with the color of the room.

Patients or guests may use their own favorite scarfs for the furniture in their rooms if they wish . . . I want to see them happy . . . ready with a cheerful "Good morning" to every one.

The last bucket of cement smoothed on the semi-circle driveway then the pretty Neon sign turned on in the evening with the words: "Welcome to Sunny Brook." My heart beats a little faster as I gaze at the home through the majestic tall pines and observing the colored help working long hours giving last touches to window cleaning and performing other necessary tasks.

My bookkeeper's desk ready for her . . . our tears flowed freely as we stood in the corridor close by the chapel door. This has been a long hard drive for us . . . and the book she wrote was a success . . . I am very thankful and happy beyond words to express it.

The first one to ask for a room was a very sweet, elderly lady with silver hair and gloved hands. The beautiful orchid-colored dress with soft touches of lace made her a picture of beauty. She wished to reserve a room for four weeks while her family was away on a vacation.

Either of two rooms would be nice to show her; so the green one was shown first. I felt sure she would like it because it harmonized with her lovely orchid ensemble.

She was pleased with that room with its pale green linen and maple furniture, which was reserved for her.

Before the building was completely ready for opening days all the rooms in one wing of it were engaged by some of the old folks that I had known prior to starting

the home. Now the second wing of the building will have to be hurried to completion and opened. Happiness overflows in my heart as I see the rooms applied for by patients and guests. The wonderful work was now getting under way.

After an elapse of five years, since the lovely nurse, Jewel, had accepted the position of caring for the elderly but active lady the luxurious automobile that was stopped on the semicircular driveway contained the two ladies.

There a wonderful view greeted them, for around the semicircle was a profusion of blooming azaleas. Just two colors here in the half circle—the fiery red Hinodegiri, and the beautiful white Snow, vying with each other in color—a red, then a white; and then the smaller semicircle formed by the two banistered pathways in the form of steps are bordered with red and white japonica shrubs, while the close-in corners are made beautiful by the evergreen arborvitae.

Two graceful ferns on the platform porch lending their charm to the entrance of the reception room.

After greetings were over and introductions made, the guests was made comfortable in the spacious living room. Susie, the favorite colored maid of the kitchen, served coffee and donuts. Jewel, tumbling one question over the other, could hardly wait to rest a few moments before exploring the entire home and grounds.

The visit was unexpected, but Jewel was passing through while en route to another state, but to stop and see the home and her friend was just a “must” visit. As she viewed the furnishings of the living room she remarked to the hostess, “Kassie, I have been eagerly waiting for you to get the home completed so I could hear the rest of the story . . . have you kept the diary?”

“Yes, I have,” Kassie said.

“I have been admiring the living room, especially the Victorian sofa and chair with their red plush covering, the marble-topped table with the quaint looking lamp in the center, the lavender asters hand-painted on the shade and oil bowl, with its base made of brass, is beautiful indeed. Oh it must be an old, old lamp!” Jewel exclaimed.

“Yes, it is. An elderly lady donated the lamp. She brought

it along with some of her cherished possessions, and wanted us to enjoy it," said Kassie, feelingly.

"Is she still living with you?" Jewel asked.

"She passed away last fall—She was getting along in years, passing away in her sleep one afternoon."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Jewel exclaimed.

"Jewel, you remember Doctor K.? We went to see him just before you entered upon the duties of your new job: he donated these two lovely old-fashioned love seats."

"How wonderful of him to do that. I enjoyed meeting him very much. Has he retired from practice?"

"Yes; I heard he has a hobby of raising white mice or rats, I have forgotten which; an experimenting institution is supposed to buy them from him."

"Oh, I see. That helps to pass the time at a profit, I can imagine. I still remember the dahlia garden at his home, and the basket of peach-colored dahlias on the porch. I believe he called them the "Ragged Dahlia"; really, I think the blooms were as large as a dinner-plate."

"I agree," Kassie said, "They were the finest blossoms I have ever seen."

"Kassie, I have been admiring the pictures on the wall, and the oddities in the room, the number of chairs and settees, the piano—all accentuating welcome."

"Thank you, Jewel; that is the sentiment I wished to create."

"All the vases, and baskets of pretty flowers in the room—how do you manage to have so many? I am really asking many questions, but I am very much interested," Jewel said.

"Quite all right, my dear; I am glad you are interested."

"Jewel, there are many of the patients who spend considerable time here in the living room and ask that the flowers sent by friends be placed in the room close by their favorite sitting place; some of them spend time knitting, crocheting, tatting, and do a surprising amount of embroidering. The runner for the top of the piano was made by several of the patients. One did the drawn work, the other the lace work. Oh, just to think of the different things they did! You should see some of the beautiful work some

of them have in their rooms. And, Jewel, I have one lady who is blind; she comes down to sit with the others in the room. One of the patients made a beautiful crochet dresser scarf and pillow top for her room. When she presented the art work to the blind patient and explained that it was of a rose design, she had such a sweet expression on her face as she said that the rose design was her favorite pattern and at one time, years ago, she had crocheted wide lace in the design for pillowcases and dresser set. Oh, she appreciated it so very much."

"I can well imagine them reading and doing the things they wish to do; of course, they all have a regular rest period?"

"Well, most of them take their rest hours between three and five."

"Kassie, I am happy that you assigned my patient and me to the pretty pink and blue room on the second floor which gives her such a pretty view from the windows . . . really, I cannot wait to see the whole place. And now that she is resting let's go and explore the building and grounds."

"All right," Kassie said; "we will start by explaining that the building was designed in the form of an H."

"Yes, I noticed that as I drove up today. And why did you choose the letter H?"

"Well the H shape provides for making additions to the building as I might need more space in the future. And, too, H stands for Haven."

"Yes, sure. Haven of rest for the old folks," Jewel said.

"Now here on the right of us is the Chapel room the doors of which are never closed. Any of the folks wishing to do so may visit the altar. We have numerous groups to come and sing for us, and it surely is appreciated by all. You remember, I told you before that any denomination would be welcome to use the chapel room for worship."

"Yes, I recall that, and it is truly wonderful, and I am glad," Jewel said, as she fondly looked at the carpeted aisle leading to the pulpit, then Kassie continued to show her friend the home she was so proud of.

"Here on the left of the corridor is the beauty salon."

"Oh, you did provide for a beauty parlor—that is just grand," Jewel remarked.

"It is really and truly a boost to the morale of the patients. Every Friday is set aside for the work in the beauty parlor, and every patient comes in to have her work done—by appointment—that is, those who are able to come. As you may notice, there is sufficient equipment to do all kinds of work: permanents, cold waves, shampoos, manicures . . . Oh, they all look so well after being groomed to greet their friends and to gather in the Chapel on Sunday mornings.

"Here on the right of us is the dining room just beyond the Chapel."

"Oh, it is so very pretty . . . and the space . . . really it is ideal. And the basket of flowers for the room—do you buy them yourself? Please ignore that question; they seem to be so expensive that I asked that question before I thought."

"Jewel, I do not know who sends the flowers for the dining room; but every week except the first six, since the home has been opened, the flowers have mysteriously arrived on Saturday mornings with the request that they be used in the dining room. There is no name signed, just a card with the words, 'Your Sunshine Friends,' written on it."

"Are they usually of such expensive variety?" Jewel asked.

"Yes. I remember one time there were four dozen perfect yellow roses sent in. To be sure, curiosity once got the best of me, so I asked the delivery boy who sent the flowers; he merely smiled and said, 'No, mam; I sho don't know.' And that is the only answer I get with my inquiries as to who makes the gift of the lovely flowers."

"Presenting flowers to the home is surely a wonderful thing to do, and if the donor wishes to remain anonymous, I hope you will never be able to trace them."

"You see the beautiful mirror over the buffet—it was also donated mysteriously by a person, or persons—here, the card is still attached by this ribbon. It says, 'For the dining room.' I would never have imagined receiving such a lovely gift without the name of the giver being shown.

"Now here next to the dining room is the kitchen. You

noticed the swinging door leading out of the dining room I suppose?" Kassie asked.

"Yes, I did," Jewel replied. "I meant to ask where it led to."

"Well, we do not necessarily need to use the hall door to the kitchen, although we will enter by it this time."

"Kassie, I must say the kitchen is well equipped for service—umm . . . deep freeze box . . . plenty of built-in cabinets, counters on which to work, scales, mix master, toaster, sufficient stove space, everything seems to have been well planned. A door to enter from the side of the building, and the screened porch: the chefs should be proud of the arrangements."

"On down the hall are two large bedrooms, now occupied by two elderly couples, who have access to a porch where they may sit in the fresh air, so they appear to be very happy here."

"Are the two elderly couples all the people you have living here?"

"Yes, at present. I have been planning to build a breeze-way to a few cottages a short distance from the main buildings that would provide space for old couples who do not wish to be separated; in fact I have been asked to provide such cottages."

"I had not thought of that; but, Kassie, I think the idea is grand. My gracious! You will soon have a small town here."

"On the left of us, from the beauty parlor, are bedrooms and at the back of the reception room is the supply room.

"Now for the upstairs rooms: one wing of the building is reserved for patients who need absolute rest and quiet.

"There are only bedrooms and the necessary supply room on the second floor. And I have space for welfare babies."

"Welfare Babies?" Jewel asked in surprise.

"Sure! You haven't heard one of them cry since you have been here?" Kassie asked.

"No. They must be very good babies," Jewel said teasingly.

"The nurse, and aide who take care of the nursery, love

children, neither of them having been blessed with children of their own. When the babies reach a certain age, they are taken to another home. We become so attached to them, that it is rather sad for us when we have to give them up."

"Yes, I can well imagine that."

"Here, let us go up this stairway and see the nursery," Kassie said. "Now this section of the nursery is for the older babies, and as you can see it is arranged for a sun-parlor for them as well. The middle section is for the next oldest ones, then the tiny infants, of course."

"Kassie, I believe you said there was a nurse and an aide to care for the babies; do they take care of all the work that these babies require? Everything is so spick and span, and the children spotless."

"Oh, no. Every afternoon when the children are taking their rest and sleep, the floors are mopped clean by the maids, the play toys washed, and all furniture cleaned of dust; of course, at bathing time, if there are as many as I have now, more help is given for the task."

"Really and truly you have assumed a great deal of responsibility here."

"Yes, I agree; but I am happy. Many times at night when everything is quiet, I stroll through the building to see that all is well. I have a very reliable nursing staff, aides, and two maids who take over during the night shift.

"I often think of the Superintendent of the training school and her habit of walking through the hospital at almost any time of the night. She seemed to be trying to snoop and creep around, frightening the students out of their wits."

"Kassie, when there is a beautiful moon shining on this lovely place, I wonder that you try to sleep at all at night . . . just be honest now—do you?"

"Well, since you are so inquisitive, really I have enjoyed walking among the flowers in the moonlight. Their perfume seems to be more fragrant in the still night air and, honestly when the moon is very bright, there is a mockingbird that sings as if its little heart would burst. I believe a pair of them have a nest close by every year. Many is the time I have slipped on my house coat and sat on one of the porches

to listen to its singing. It is only on the nights when the moon shines bright that I have noticed the singing of the birds."

"Jewel, I didn't ask if you had gotten through looking at the nursery rooms; we just kept on going down the corridor."

"Well, I could spend a half day in the nursery looking at all those little tots. There was one with golden curls and blue eyes, a perfect darling; how anyone could not want her, but gave her away I do not understand."

"That was indeed a strange case. Perhaps the mother did want her child."

"What about the child?" Jewel asked. "It seems to me the mother could keep her if she wanted to. Did she bring it here?"

"No," Kassie said. "All the babies here are placed through the welfare, and of course that office keeps the first records of them. The child referred to was placed on the door steps of a very elderly couple. The little tyke was dressed in a neat, white, lace-trimmed dress and covered with an infant's size hand-made patchwork quilt, she having been found in an ordinary market basket."

"What about the elderly couple—didn't they want the child? I guess there were many things to be considered precluding its adoption," Jewel said.

"Oh, certainly; they were too feeble to take the responsibility of raising a child," Kassie said, as she quietly closed the screen door behind them.

"Here we are in the yard; shall we look around the grounds?"

"Yes, indeed!" Jewel said. "I have been gazing out of every window at the azaleas through the woodland. Honestly, Kassie, how many plants do you think you have in bloom now?"

"Not having counted them, I just don't know. Perhaps you would like to see them first. As you see, they are massed throughout the entire grounds. Observe that I have flagstone pathways in the garden instead of concrete."

"I have noticed that," Jewel said, "and I like them very much. Flagstone pathways . . . iris, and jonquils . . . all seem

to be in harmony with the spring of the year. Pray tell me what is the name of this bed of brilliant orange-red azaleas?"

"That one, my dear, is the President Clay; it is very hardy and a prolific free bloomer. Also notice that there are seven massed in this bed. In the next one are five of the Indica Alba; I believe they have larger blossoms than the Snow.

"Here are the Coral Bells. I have only five of them. They are very much sought after, therefore rather difficult to buy as many as I would like to have."

"And what are the names of these—rose pink and almost red—seems that I saw a lot of them somewhere," Jewel said as she tried to think where it was she had seen so many of them in bloom.

"Jewel, that one was named after a city, and has made that city famous the world over; now can't you guess the name?"

"Pride of Mobile! Of course, now I remember."

You may recall having sent me a card when you visited Mobile. I still have it in my desk," Kassie said.

Kassie continued: "I have some of almost every variety of azaleas—Elegans, they are the light pink; Mimosa, Salmon Beauty, Pink Pearl, and many others.

"Jewel, have you noticed the white plank fence around the home? I take a great deal of pride in it."

"Indeed I have, and I meant to mention it just a moment or so ago. What do you call the pattern of the board fence?"

"Oh, merely a criss-cross plank fence, I suppose, painted white," Kassie said.

"Kassie, name it the Lexington fence right now—and I am sure you would like to know the reason for the name."

"Yes, as you have aroused my curiosity."

"Well, several years ago, while on my vacation, I was traveling through the Blue Grass State. This pretty white board fence reminds me of the fine farms near the city of the name I suggested. Oh it was a glorious morning! The sun was making its radiant appearance presaging a bright and cloudless day, while we vacationers (there were three

ladies and the husband of one of them in our party) decided to have breakfast a short distance from the City of Lexington. Near the highway was a lake of clear water, the grass there was well taken care of—so very pretty and green, so we stopped the car and all of us got out, sat upon the grass to drink our coffee from thermos bottles and eat home-made rolls spread with jelly and butter provided by one of the girls.

“We had traveled quite a distance during the night, so it was delightful just to sit on the luxurious grass and enjoy our breakfast while our eyes roamed over the scenery which was formed in part of the attractive white painted board fences enclosing farm, with pastures so green, and dotted with what I presume were thoroughbred horses. They were graceful, beautiful animals. All in all it was a pretty picture—and this fence is of the same pattern.”

“Jewel, wait here for a few moments; I am going on an errand,” Kassie said.

“Sure, go right on,” Jewel said. “I will wait here on this bench for you to return.

“You back so soon, Kassie? What do you have there?”

“Why, Jewel, I have a large bottle of water from one of the lily pools, so if you wish you may christen the fence.”

“Oh, that will be wonderful. I will break the bottle of water on this solid post and ‘I christen thee, The Lexington Fence; may you serve this home for many years to come’.”

“Well, my dear, that was quite a nice dedication. In April and May there are deep red rambler roses blooming on the fence, although they are still young now, they present a pretty sight.”

“No doubt of it, Kassie; and the drive goes completely around the place.”

“It does; but I have forgotten how many of the rambler rose plants were required to set along the entire fence, but I kept a record of them . . . Now if you like we will see the lily pools.”

“I would be pleased to see them,” Jewel said. “Kassie,

you have surely provided plenty of benches on which to rest."

"My son delighted in building the benches around the trees. And, too, Khase has taken quite an interest since the place began to look real. You remember how he loathed the idea when it existed only in my mind?"

"I certainly remember," Jewel laughed. "He called it your brainstorm. His change of heart is really almost unbelievable, which proves that patience and perseverance exert much influence in the world. Yours reminds me of the 'Patience of Job'."

"Verily I have had my share of disappointments, *some* of them very bitter. Many were the times when I felt I had reached the end of the row in striving to become a nurse, then something would happen to plunge me deeper into the profession. Now I am glad that, with the help of God, I was able to endure and conquer."

"Jewel, this little path is called 'Rainbow Trail,' because along it you will see the lily pools in color—the first one pink, the next green, and so on—blue, lavender, and a pale yellow. It is too early in the season to see their real beauty. Here by the pink pool is a blue flowering hydrangea and notice the small rock garden. Then by the green-colored pool blooms the pink hydrangea with the rock garden between them; the blue pool has a pink hydrangea, the lavender pool, a pink one, and the yellow pool, a blue hydrangea. I have as many different kinds of water lilies for the pools as I can find."

"Kassie, this is a small park: pools, flowers, rock gardens between every pool, and the little white bridges fascinate me. Have you ever thought of building a miniature rock castle here among the gardens and pools?"

"No, I haven't thought of it; nevertheless that would give it the finishing touch. Have you ever seen a small castle such as the one you have in mind?"

"Yes, I have; it was in a beautiful park. There was a section of the park given to the art work of the miniature castles and other buildings. Who made the little structures, I don't know, but your husband, being a carpenter, has the

ability to draw up the plans, and I know you could arrange to get the odd-shaped rocks for the purpose. Anyone who could gather the varied shaped rocks you have in the masonry of the fireplace in the living room of the home could, I am sure, get them for you."

"Perhaps within the next year, if you can make another visit to Sunny Brook you will find the miniature castle, at which time there will have to be another christening."

"What do you mean, Kassie?"

"You know the castle would have to be named, and of course it would be the 'Jewel Castle'."

"I am really getting so many thrills out of this visit. The Jewel Castle!" she repeated.

"Now this bench, made out of rocks, would be ideal in the plan of the miniature city . . . I can hardly wait to reveal to my son the plan I have in mind; you just wait," Kassie added.

"Jewel, the pools could be illuminated in the evenings which would be a beautiful spectacle. . . I am sure you noticed the goldfish in the pools—how they stay there is beyond me. The children have pets; I think there are three or four Persian cats around here, and I have seen them trying so desperately to catch the goldfish. I suppose the lily pads help to protect them."

"Come, Jewel, let's stroll down to the lake—of course it is an artificial one, and even if it is not large, as you will see, it is stocked with fish at which the patients may spend many pleasant hours fishing. Naturally there will be some one in attendance during such times to take care of them.

"The island in the center of the lake was left there purposely to form a beauty spot. On it is a weeping willow, which has been there only three years. While it was rather large when set out, it has grown considerably. The love-seat, painted white, was placed under it last summer.

"Rose bushes thrive on the island: I have three colors growing there—the Victoria, Yellow Talisman, and the Poinsettia rose."

"Kassie, is the weeping willow merely of the common

variety? It has such long, drooping branches sweeping the ground."

"I believe that one is known as the Babylon weeping willow; I love the way the branches gracefully sway when stirred by a breeze."

"The bridge to the island was constructed of logs, the bannisters being painted white, is seldom used, but I enjoy walking out to the island occasionally. There on the hillside that forms the dam on the opposite side of the lake are the tall Greek Pyramidal Juniper trees as a background . . . they are lovely things growing sometimes as high as thirty feet. Then, of course, there are things such as sweet shrub, mountain laurel and honeysuckle; a wisteria clinging gracefully to a stately pine tree standing on our right. Before very long now we may enjoy the great clusters of beautiful blooms on the vine."

"Last summer and fall the patients were given an outing every evening when possible. Everyone seems to be very happy here at the home."

"It can easily be seen that you have tried to make the home attractive and comfortable for them: any unhappiness developing would have to come from a source beyond your control."

"Thank you, Jewel. An encouraging word means so much to me."

"I suppose we should be going back to the home. As we walk along the driveway I will point out the interesting plants, such as roses, etc., in the garden—But please tell me about some of your activities since engaging in your latest job of nursing."

"Before I start telling you about my work," Jewel said, "I wish to ask about some of the patients we nursed . . . I remember three of them who constantly wished that you would speedily build a nursing home. *How* they yearned to have a place such as you have here."

"Jewel, are you preparing to ask about the retired teacher of a public school, and one from a school for the blind, the other, the mother of a well-known businessman?"

"Yes, those are the three. Are they here with you?"

"No, all of them passed away before the home was built, and it touches me very deeply as I remember how they tried to hurry me in my efforts to establish the home. Every time I saw them they would ask if there were any new developments toward getting the home started, so the day I told them that the deal had been closed for the home site, they were overjoyed. But there were so many bitter disappointments, and impeding obstacles in my struggle to reach my goal that, I am sorry to say, they were not spared long enough to enjoy the benefits provided by the home."

"I am so sorry," Jewel said. "Anyway, I feel sure that you have exerted yourself to the limit in trying to do good toward everyone. I wish they could have known that your dreams of a home have become a reality."

"Kassie, I am not trying to change the subject, but what have you planted in the ground here by the drive?"

"That, my dear, is gladioli. I have about fifty bulbs planted. There are several of the Maid of Orleans, which are a shimmering white; the Troubadour, a violet-blue; then there is the Pink Picardy, with the bold Flaming Sword to add a dash of gay color. Over close to the fence, at the back of the gladioli bed, is a row of dahlia tubers. There are several colors among them—I believe they were specified as being the 'Dixie Dahlia Garden'."

"Kassie, you have not said one word about having any of the dearly beloved gardenias; now where are they?"

"Oh, they are down close to the lake. Let us look back. You see the large patch of green shrubs there where the drive makes the turn for the circle? That contains all the gardenias I have. Really, there is not enough room for all the things I would like to have. Every foot of land has been filled with one thing or another."

"I can easily see that. From here I understand why you have arranged the garden in a cone-shape, which will be a pretty sight after a few years . . . Kassie, do you suppose additional land could be obtained, perhaps that adjoining in the rear of your property?"

"I would like to do that, but for the present every available dollar is being used in the interest of the home; fur-

thermore, that tract of land is owned by colored people who claim they can't sell it. Whether or not an offer of a fancy price would change their minds I do not know; but they are very quiet and dependable workers, some of them being employed here. On Sunday mornings, Jewel, two of the colored girls roll the wheel-chair patients to the Chapel, and there is a place reserved in the rear for our colored employees. I have been very fortunate so far in securing colored workers."

"If you are ready, we will continue on toward the house. Lunch has already been served the patients, the rush hour is over, so we can have a late lunch served on the sun-porch if you wish, afterward there will be an hour or two for visiting the people here. I want you to see all the fancy work they are doing."

"Good! I am glad I gave you the menu for my patient before we started exploring. Really, I had not thought of food until you mentioned it, but now I feel that I am almost famished," Jewel said.

"We would be breaking the rules of the institution by restricting our lunch to a crisp salad, so I ordered a nice steak dinner with all the trimmings for ourselves at exactly two o'clock."

"We have thirty minutes in which to finish our walk to the house . . . by the way, Kassie, what do your parents think of the home since you have proceeded with such resistless determination to accomplish your objective?" Jewel asked.

"You know Father's by-word when he strives to act as if he were angry."

"Yes, I remember you telling me, 'Dad-blame it,' Kassie."

"Once when they came on a visit I asked what they thought of the home. Mother thought it was *very* nice, especially as our own house is next door where the children live as do other children; yes, even to a little scrapping among themselves now and then—perfectly normal. But Father, my implacable Irish parent, remarked: 'The home is very pretty and will no doubt render a great service to

humanity; but, dad-blame it, Kassie, Khase needs you to keep house for him'."

"Oh! those die-hard Irish! You will have to excuse me for laughing, but it is really funny, for I imagine he is as proud as a peacock over your accomplishment."

"Have you ever known him to give up and say that a task was too big or difficult for him to handle?" Jewel asked.

"Yes, there was one which involved so many complications that he just did not try," Kassie replied.

"No!" Jewel exclaimed in surprise.

"It is true. Would you like to know what it was?"

"Indeed! indeed I would," Jewel said contemplatively.

"Jewel," Kassie said, "as you already know, my Father is of Irish descent; my great-grandfather came to this country from the Emerald Isle and settled where now stands one of Georgia's coastal cities. When the immigrants landed on the coast they filed homesteads. I understand that my great-grandfather was a young man at that time. He and my great-grandmother were the parents of twelve children. I also understand that the conflict between the States was the cause of the family becoming separated and, of course as in all wars, some of the boys were never heard from, therefore the family tree, or records, was lost. As stated, a great part of that coastal city is located on the estate of my great-grandfather and it is so recorded in his name. My Father received a letter from a lawyer in that city asking him to come there and investigate the deeds, he being named as one of the heirs of the estate. I suppose you are wondering how this information was conveyed to him. A few years ago a centennial celebration was held in the seaport city and a search through the old records revealed that the deed to a large section of the city does belong to my great-grandfather's heirs."

"My gracious, Kassie, I would think that anything so exciting and important would arouse him into action. You mean to tell me he did not go to see the lawyer about the valuable information conveyed in the letter?"

"No. He said the posterity of those twelve children could now consist of quite a number of people. You see, I am of

the fourth generation—and there are six children in *my* family. Father would be the logical one to investigate the matter. I was merely thinking about the multiplicity of the people who may be involved. Father said that it had been more than a hundred years ago, so he did not know of anything to be done except to clear the title in favor of the city; that an effort to claim the land now would result only in confusion, so he decided not to disturb the status quo.”

“I suppose that was the way to dispose of the problem, but it surely would have allured me there, if only to see the deed which had been made to my ancestors,” said Jewel spiritedly.

Kassie, noticing the time by her watch, said, “Here, we have let our time race by now let’s hurry, for our dinner will be unfit to eat. My faithful cook, old Hattie, is waving to us from the upstairs sun-porch. That is where we will have lunch and, as you have not told me one thing about yourself, dear lady, tell me of your travels as we dine.”

“Kassie, as you already know, I was offered the special work of nursing through a friend of my mother,” Jewel said as she helped herself to another lump of sugar for her tea. “The work has proven to be as exciting as I imagined it would be from the very first. This dear old lady is as sweet and patient as the day is long, and *loves* to travel. How she can spend so many hours riding in an automobile I cannot understand, but everything is interesting to her. She is a very observant person—in fact, there is no doubt in my mind but that she has seen more of the beauty of this place through her field glasses from one of the windows in her room than I have down there walking around among all the plants and shrubs. I ran in to see about her just a moment before I joined you on the sun-porch and found her sitting by the window with her field glasses handy on the table beside her. She asked why on the earth were we christening a board fence? She will ask me a thousand questions tomorrow morning, and I will enjoy answering them.

“We spent one winter in sunny California. Among my duties was to prepare our breakfast, which usually consisted of toast and a dish of fruit. The hours from nine to eleven

were allowed me to do as I wished. Lunch strictly at twelve noon. Then the afternoon was spent reading stories aloud to her . . . sometimes she would doze as she rested in the lounge-chair. I did not dare stop reading at any time, unless she interrupted to ask a question. One afternoon I remember quite well: The rain had been falling in torrents all day and we had completed our last book; I had intended purchasing another one during my time off that day, but the rain continued to fall so hard that I could not go out, so my patient asked me to send one of the available errand boys to purchase a book for her. He was sent in grand style—one of the smartest taxis was called for him, he being well paid. He was asked to select a best seller. When the book was delivered I recognized it at once by its title, but I did not say anything about it to her; I was rather anxious however, and somewhat frightened when I began reading it to her. After a few pages were read I kept stealing glances to see her frown when some risque word or sentence was read; the questionable language was becoming more frequent as I continued to read. I can still see her, in my imagination, as she sat up straight in her chair, shaking her finger at me and saying, 'Jewel, not another word of that trash! Why, my ancestors would turn over in their graves could they know I was listening to such language! Now! right now! get the scissors and cut every page of it to ribbons and put it in the trash basket.' And do you know that I cut up every page of that book? Honestly, she sat there almost all the afternoon watching me to make sure no one else would read it, stating that not a page of it could be left to fall into the hands of anyone because of her carelessness."

"Jewel, did she get angry with you?"

"No, but if I had been responsible for purchasing the book, I am sure my good salary would have stopped instantly."

"We toured the greater part of the state that winter and I think we saw just about everything of interest. She is planning a trip to Mexico sometime in the future, and if I could speak Spanish instead of French I would be happier."

"Perhaps some day she will go on a trip to France and take you on the journey with her," Kassie said.

"No, there will not be any ocean trips," Jewel said. "We have traveled from Canada to Florida and Maine to California, but no sea voyages. Oh, she is a wonderful person, always helping some unfortunates to better themselves in this old world."

"Does she have any children, Jewel?"

"No, Kassie, she never married, and has no living relatives. However, out of the goodness of her heart she contributes to the welfare of several children in an orphanage somewhere."

"Jewel, do you suppose she would enjoy meeting some of my people?" Kassie asked. "They will be assembled in the living room with their needle work and reading matter."

"Yes, she already has her crochet ready to go there. She is making medallions for an afghan; beautiful colors in delicate shades chosen for the art work, and she would not miss an opportunity to display her masterpiece."

"Jewel, I will meet you in the living room in about thirty minutes—Right?" Kassie asked.

"Right," Jewel replied.

"I have an errand to run," Kassie said.

"Sure, sure," Jewel replied. "I will tidy Miss Mary's hair, and we will join you there at that time."

Kassie said to herself as she went to her office, "I must hurry and write a last word or so in the Diary Jewel asked me to keep as a favor."

Dear Diary: For five years we have kept company; many pleasant memories recorded, along with the bitter ones.

Hardships, many times, prepare us to be on the alert to help others; therefore, dear diary, disappointments had their place on your pages.

May God bless my Sunshine friends whoever they may be. I received a gift through the mail saying, "Do not open until March twentieth—Sunshine Friends." Perhaps some day my curiosity will overwhelm me.

And now, little book, Jewel has asked for the last page to be reserved for her in which to write "finis" to the completion of the home.

Now I will close these pages recording events of five years with these three tiny bows of ribbons fastened to this page to help express my feeling for all my friends, and your new owner, little Diary.

This pure White bow is a token of Appreciation for the purity of my friends.

The Blue one I fasten here, is a token of my Love for you.

This Royal Purple, I dedicate to Loyalty. Forever may it reign.

Goodby, dear Diary.

Your friend,
KATHERINE (*Kassie*)

I must put the Diary in my pocket so as not to forget to give it to Jewel.

As Kassie entered the living room her friends had preceded her, and Jewel said, "Kassie, we are just making ourselves at home here among all these friendly people."

"Wonderful!" Kassie said, smiling. "Jewel, I am sure you remember some of them."

"Yes, there are several familiar faces—and we have been introducing ourselves, just enjoying it all to the utmost."

"Miss Mary is admiring the beautiful Queen Ann lace table spread Mrs. Smith is making. I think she has already asked her if she would name a price for it."

"Mrs. Smith does lots of crochet work to sell. I don't know what her prices are for it; but I do know she has more orders than she can fill. As you know, we try to keep such activities within a specified time limit."

"Yes, I know the value of rest periods, which are a very important factor in the home."

"Now, the lady who is crocheting the fancy apron, told me she specialized in that class of work, and has made over fifty of them; I have agreed to purchase one to wear while serving breakfast to Miss Mary—she appreciates pretty things so very much."

"And here, just look at the pillowcases," Kassie said.

"Oh! absolutely a rose garden!" Jewel exclaimed.

"Yes," Kassie continued, "the pattern is called the Rose

. . . and, as you see, they actually have rows of petals in color, the leaves are green and, of course, a white background to accentuate their beauty. She asks \$7.50 a pair for them. I have purchased several pairs for gifts, reserving one pair of that design in a variegated shade of pink for my own bedroom. I think every new color that is produced to be still prettier."

"Kassie, what do they do with the money earned from their work?"

"Just whatever they wish. Some of them deposit their money in bank savings accounts, while others love to buy pretty clothes; but all the patients are neatly attired as you see.

"This lady crochets center pieces, the one there knits sweaters for infants. And here is tatting so very pretty that it makes your heart beat a little faster; I suppose she has made miles of it. And now here is the lady who embroiders, and this beautiful design in the luncheon cloth is of the old-fashioned girl.

"Just go right on with your exclamations of Oh's and ah's, for they fit in perfectly with the exquisite drawn work on this dresser scarf.

"Permit me now to call your attention to a picture that I love very dearly, the words having been embroidered by one of the ladies in the home.

"I thought I had made a survey of all the things in the room, but this escaped my attention—is it a motto or a wise saying of someone? Whether it be the first or the latter, it is very impressive:

" 'Friendship is the watchword of the age.'

" 'Touch the chord of sympathy and it vibrates around the world.'

Jewel slowly read the words, then she said, "Kassie, I really like this: 'Every man should have a cemetery lot, large enough in which to bury the faults of his friends.' Those were the words—"

Kassie interrupted, "I wonder why people have put such beautiful thoughts into words, unless they were uttered to inspire others through the ages."

"I know you saw the art work in this picture," Kassie said.

"Yes, that greeted me as I came into the room this morning,—first thing I noticed; it is a lovely picture of an old-fashioned garden surrounding the words, 'Home, Sweet Home.' The tatting around the material was made by one of the ladies right here in the room."

"That is right. I bought the frame and glass for the picture to prevent it from getting soiled or faded."

"My dear, we could go on indefinitely viewing and discussing such evidence of skill, but my office attendant informed me we are about ready for the surprise party for the ladies this afternoon, and, as the young people with their musical instruments are arriving I believe we will have to repair to the Chapel to enable all of us to be accommodated. The maids will please assist in seating the patients."

"Kassie, you didn't tell me there was going to be company—"

"No, Jewel, it was to be kept secret, because you would want to take time to primp up, which would be a waste of time as you are already dressed neat enough for the occasion."

"But, Kassie, I could have spent a bit of time to pin up a wisp of stray locks. Nevertheless, I anticipate the pleasure of listening to the music, and meeting some of the smiling young people."

"This group of youths has been very faithful in bringing us many hours of joy. The sacred music and singing are heard in the Chapel, while community singing is held in the living room. Sometimes we have singers to give us the pleasure of a request program, which is presented in the living room.

"During the Yuletide season many groups entertain us with Christmas Carols, then also a host of friends visit the old folk here."

"Kassie, all this you dreamed of accomplishing by providing a nursing home, did you not?"

"Yes, indeed. And more!"

"Do you have any regrets now that your efforts have been crowned with success?" Jewel asked.

"Yes, one," Kassie replied.

"What was it, may I ask?"

"I regret that ever a thought entered my mind to relinquish the work that I was born to do. You remember this afternoon the duet the two girls sang, "When the Mists Have Rolled Away?"

"Yes, Kassie, that explains things, to some extent."

"Jewel, the room you furnished is beautiful and I have been anxiously waiting to show it to you. Let us go up this stairway to it."

"Oh! how lovely! The furniture is exactly what I ordered—beautiful mahogany finish, bed with a pink innerspring mattress, dresser with the latest style mirror, night table with lamp, lounge chair, pink linen, sky blue walls! And, my dear, I saw the motto on the wall first of all. You placed it there of your own accord . . . Why?"

"Jewel, I keenly felt that it applied to you. It is also the one I have tried to abide by in the rearing of my own children. It is my favorite of them all."

"I express to you my heartfelt thanks, because it is also *my* favorite:

"Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you."

"Also, the beautiful vase of gladioli to welcome me—I am sure you ordered them since I came this morning for this very occasion, and I appreciate it. I gave all of it in memory of my Father," Jewel said with reverence.

"Jewel, I know you have spared no expense in providing the furnishings and the wall decorations, and from the depths of my heart I thank you. I am sure the occupant, whoever he or she may be, will be more than pleased with this room."

"And now, Kassie, may I say that this has been one of the most exciting days of my life? Five years ago, all of this seemed so far away, obscured by the mists of uncertainty; the idea of the home remained in an embryonic stage a

long time because of the lack of sufficient funds for you to undertake such an enormous task.

“Well, Kassie the shadows of the evening are creeping across the sky, and Miss Mary has been so very kind to let me have practically every minute of the day to spend with you, and to explore the grounds and the home. Now I must go and give her my attention. She has asked me to be ready in the morning to continue our journey homeward. Her home is to be opened by the first of the month for the reception of some important friends, and there will be many things requiring attention.

“Certainly, there is a housekeeper, but she waits for instructions from Miss Mary regarding how many rooms will be needed for her guests.

“When the house is closed, all the linen is stripped from the furniture, and mattresses are covered with dust-proof material. The house has a rather ghostly appearance. All the beautiful silverware is placed in a safe, and floor coverings treated for moths. Yet all that is quickly forgotten after we get out of the house and head for the great open spaces. July will find us breathing the cool, invigorating mountain air of North Carolina. I am living a wonderful life, traveling over the country.”

“Jewel, I am happy for you. I will see you in the morning. Good night, my dear, and may you sleep well.”

Tonight, dear Diary, I will write the last page, as I requested that I might, five years ago. As I drove away from Sunny Brook nursing home, the picture of The Girl who could not forget the work she was born to do was indelibly imprinted on my mind!

Yes, Kassie was smiling . . . standing there in her crisp, white uniform and beloved cap. As good-bys were said eyes began to be wet with tears.

Yes, dear Diary, I was that Girl!

I wonder, little book, just how much the century-old church played in the part of her life: To hear the bell as

it rang out inviting everyone to worship: The steeple pointing heavenward: The old organ and the choir!

The three ribbons are well placed . . . Here I give my pledge to all three of them again and again.

Good Night, dear Diary.
JEWEL.

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